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KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

BY DR. C. D. GARDETTE.

"Keep to the right." The words I read,
As standing by the railway track,
At my good mother's side we fled,
And through the dusty whirl
Of the "locals and mail" there heard the cry,
"Keep to the Right." The rest was fate;
Fair, and loved, true, and bright!
Death had been harmless many times,
And I smiled a thinking child of blood,
And a wail went up in the quickening night.

A vision of warm blood I saw!
But my mother's red mantle arched with night,
And then we fled, motherless, alone!
I cried to the winds, "O, God! to thee
How simple a thing to keep to the Right!"

"The highways of life, from man to man
Are fairly safe from ruin to night;
Yet any fair all their wreck-testing soul,
Rain piles down, on their best laid plans,
The warning: being to keep to the Right!"

"As each he had here it were made;
A moment is hanged in the winds of years;
And then it is gone, and the world moves on,
And sees done on the earth's surface
Is sprinkled forever with blood and tears.

"All sorry," I cried, "the right I had
With a helmet on, by chance, to-night,
As over the hill, your road I made,
Should hang on our every path of life
Like a sign, with an warning—'Keep to that Right?'"

NORWOOD;

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HENRY WARD BEECHER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XIX.

THANKSGIVING.

When November came in 1863, came also its November Thanksgiving Day, the holiday of old New England from its founding. The Pilgrims knew no "Fourth," They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." This beautiful poetry with which the keeping of the Pilgrims by establishing a Fast day, in March or April, and a Day of Thanksgiving in November. That the whole people were to pass through the two gates of the year, Tears and Smiles, and observe them as Holy Days, all either profane and misleading destitution—Christmas, New Year's and Easter days without number, being laid aside. Both days, the Day of Fasting and the Day of Thanksgiving, were to be solemnized religious days, and so kept. On the forenoon of each the people were to assemble in their churches for religious services and a sermon. On those days good ministers were allowed a wider pasture than was feeding the fiftieth Day, and were expected to discourse upon public affairs. So that the pulpit had two safety valves, and the minister could give vent to his opinions upon matters and thoughts general times a year without danger of being smothered, on the one side, or, on the other, of exploding from pent-up fire.

If anywhere, a Fast Day ought to flourish in New England. Not that its people were more sad-temperaments, but they derived their tendencies from fathers who had suffered persecution, and to whom "strong crying and tears" were familiar; and as the religious convictions of its people are deep, and their views of duty serious, one day in three hundred and sixty-five for public fasting could not seem unreasonable. And so it was observed as a day of fasting. The steps of decline are easy to trace and instructive. From a solemn day of unite between the rising and declining of the sun," would seem a pitiful fast. But many people refined much rigor, and the day was abridged to "sun to sun." Then it must last till supper, leaving out dinner by way of fasting.

But soon, while breakfast and supper were left as important as ever on this side, the man was to long that a pipe of crackers and cheese was built up to the middle, to carry the fasting safely over. Now all engineers know that a crib cannot be a tower, or a pier, be apt to become a point around which a deposit is soon formed, and even plants have thus grown up from a stake driven down or a mere lodgment of brush. And so it was with fasting. Crackers and cheese became promises of an argument. If crackers may be eaten without violation of fast, why not gingerbread? As the court before which these questions were brought often held its sessions in the stomach, the case was decided in favor of gingerbread.

Thus, with immeasurable blindness, dunghouns were added, and by degrees, with astonishing infatuation; dried smoked-beef; though, with a latent sense of the danger, it was shaved exceedingly thin; to dried beef was added cold chicken—veal, but young and tender; and in this cold corned-beef. A plain apple-pie also got foot hold. But, at this point, direction made a stand against history, and conquered. The worldliness of fasting had now was brought wellchewed. Cold victuals often require, and so minister to, the greatest feelings, it partook of with patience and an unconquering spirit.

In the early day, fasting was the very spirit of abstinence; then, the spirit of moderation in eating; and finally, the spirit of abundance, making a judicious selection. At first, all intelligent creatures fasted. Then servants were excused; then children; and then, to the tenderness children, all to crowding round the house on fast days as if it were the crowding Sunday; and finally, Fasting was itself the only thing that fasted on Fast-day.

Meantime, while the starved Fast-day, like a contemplative man, grew thin and thin, and wasted away, every year dying, and yet clinging tenaciously to life, the well-fed Thanksgiving day, like a new moon, grew bright and round, and lay upon the year's horizon like a joyful pumpkin-pie; the shape of a Yankee-nose-full; the pumpkin sign and symbol in the calendar of New England of jovial festivity! And, now, Thanksgiving may be soon any year, in the nature days of the year, and especially in April, as the air of a fat old English Christmas; while in April, amidst threatening winds and shaking frosts, to discourage the spring, every year, very poor and thin, shambles along, wishing it were dead, among millions of hard-hearted people who wish us too. And so first-gentleman flourishes in New England, while Humiliation have proportionally every year.

Rose Wentworth and Alice Calhoun returned home, after the great fair, with many things to amuse, to recruit, and to spend the Thanksgiving. Upon Rose Wentworth especially.

"Why should I go home? I have enough to do, and I love to do it. Nobody else has a good care of my boys as I can. And as for rest, I was never so little tired in my life."

In fact, Rose was in an undemand of glory. With such tender duties, so important, with such vigor, and so unremittently; the love of nativity which had all her life, like a subcurrent, ever, darkly and hidden within, now came to the surface and sparkled in the light without blushmore or second.

"I have such a feeling of loathing to see like taking care of four hundred men that have been wounded for their country. But, then, you girls ought to go. You have fathers and mothers that have a right to, I have none; you may again, somewhat sadly.

"Well, Again," said Rose, a little style, "you are a sharp one. But you would like to see you, quite as near as if they were fathers?"

Whereat Annie's eye twinkled just a little, and she bent over to put up the bandages again before she could answer Rose's sharp.

Rose and Alice meant to site away without notice; but it never was known, and they were had to pass the ordeal of gratitude. Next to ingratitude, the most painful thing to bear is gratitude. A sensitive nature is glad to receive that one is grateful, and that one longs to show it. But to stand in the form of an enthusiastic, thanksgiving is awkward enough.

For two engines thanks gracefully, and fewer yet are those who can gracefully receive them. Both Rose and Alice found this out when rough men thanked them for their very lives, and others, overflowing with joy, would come and bring them to them, and some craved them to accept a present, and then taken of their generosity turned in tattle. Another cheers, and some cross, and some, with a sense of duty, got away; and though their lives were homeward and their hearts eager, they had to stop and receive what had turned their backs upon that which had taken hold even deeper than life.

After the natural overflow of gladness which, on one morn in house had departed, Rose and Alice was conscious of a change. A sense of duty succeeded to the first pleasure. Cannon flashes and the crashing fire of village bells were heard no more. It seemed to her that people were living in a dream, and that March both Alice and Rose returned to their labors with a sense of duty, as the old heroes of Chancellorsville with that glorious army whose fame will be the pride of the land, to the commander, a noble soldier, within a circle had fallen.

Before March had done blustering, but before the April showers had come, Rose was more glad to depart, though it was from home to the hospitals, than she had been to leave them, over yearned, turned full of the sweetness of home. Her heart was divided then with a most motherly affection. Her own boys were not the less so because of the winter had been a long vacation.

"Why, Agnes," said Rose, "it never saw you look so well! A little pale,—just a little. But your cheeks have the bloom of health and vigor."

"Rose, you think that you have a good deal, but I tell you, if you had seen you know more than I do! You may read the letter and welcome," said Agnes, extending the open letter to her. It read:—

"NORWOOD, March 14, 1863.

"MISS AGNES HERON,—*Dear Madam*:—At the Rose's suggestion, I write you a line, lest under the accommodation of labors, and in hours of weariness, you may be in danger of believing yourself forgotten. True, every pious and patriotic heart here at home thanks you for your excellent and most praiseworthy labors in behalf of our sick and wounded soldiers. Doubt not that many prayers ascend for you daily, and that at breath was spent in exhorting him, or in soothing some one's grief, and that, also, mine among the number. The Lord is presented you, is may be, the highest reward in being in a school where so much of patience and of wisdom are required, and whenever man in the divine counsels which respect the future, may the examination all to own mind and gracious.

"The meetings are well attended. A prayer-meeting room is found in the Sunday-school in Polly Martin is dead, and the church is very much afflicted. She was very faithful to him, and her last breath was spent in exhorting him to be a soldier-like man. Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Hall, and Mrs. Hall, and Mrs. Bell, and Mrs. Hall, and Mrs. Bell, and Mrs. Hall, and Mrs. Bell

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and, by the time you'll get there, I guess you'll feel the old war has gnawed its way out."

Nothing daunted by the laugh, Hiram, with a look of undisturbed confidence, just a little touched with pity for their ignorance, walked away toward his wagons.

"Do you really think," said one of his drivers, in an anxious tone, "that it's safe to go on?"

"Safe? what are you feard of? Lee is just like a walnut in a nut-cracker. They'll smash him, sure."

I shouldn't care about bein' caught. A prisoner can't run, runnin' along with an army, don't feel as comfortable as if he was to hum?"

"Is that so?" said Hiram, very much puzzled.

"Wal, it is. I tell ye—mebbe you hain't tried it? I've travelled ye so, and don't want to do it any more. The first time—Mosby's men, they took me. Wal, one on 'em took a shine to my cap, and swopped. I got something to boot though. 'Said the driver, beginning to scratch his head, "every time I think of that old fool but I feel he got me, somehow I feel like a prisoner. Another time, he wanted my stores, and I lent 'em to him. They never come back. Then one of the officers took a likin' to my coat; and, as I was a prisoner, I had to let him have it. It was brilliant. To you there was nothin' to stop me from myself, and kept lookin' round to see where I was. But I found out when they'd got me with me."

"Wal," said Hiram, "drive on; I don't expect anybody to catch me."

"Nobody expects to be caught. You see, a feller is goin' along, drivin' his horses and mules all his lonesome, nothin' about the house, lookin' up that one horse and then another, when—right ahead—fire! bang! whizzing and then, bolted in the line, you hear it again—'thang! bang!'—and a lonesome groan when whirl in on you, cut out your waggon, and, after the soldiers get you through the excitement, are drivin' off like mad, and rebel soldiers as much! the mules with harness, and when you get fairly know which send you stand on, they're all in the mountains and you're dividin' your clothes with the ragamuffins."

Hiram laughed at the descriptive misery, but ordered forward the teams.

"Yes, the idee of letting them Southern fellers have the handlin' of those goods. Pretty nigh time for police to set up vigilance and shotcloths, and then have the rebels put 'em on to fight and with it! They didn't have an eye to the gorrin' at our town to make apple-sarse for Lee's men, I tell you. That's the way I reckon it will be."

The next morning the whole party were on the road. Hiram expressed himself on the subject of sarsine:

"Well, one error was anything that best all creation in brisk expensive, it's so army. It runs off of every in fast as a river does water. It's waste, waste, waste! Enough is food unto the needful. The only place where it was sarsy marshin, they've worn that nobbies to a down-to-nothin' pair of shoes, and they're all sore-footed, and complained to me. I know—I see. The straggling and trade and transpose, strain through, and the waste is well off for miles and miles behind. I couldn't sleep a wink last night. Frederick was chuck-full of resorts, drinkin' fellers, fightin' and spittin'. I think the kindness of an army is to march right out them its fore-end. It's like Grandma Moses's old mending, that would tear you to pieces if you were before it, and kick you to pieces if you were behind it. The only place where it was safe was hangin' up over the fire-place to bum. An army is very dangerous thing, outfittin', and awful extravagant. I'spose we must fight it through now, though. Don't see no other way. But, if ever this war's over, I'm goin' to join an Economist Peace Society."

As the party journeyed on, at every hill eminence overlooked that the army was not far away. Stragglers abounded. The main army seemed to have done no damage. One would not except for the broken roads, and some little traces of fighting, the breaking here and there of a cherry branch, whose luscious fruit tempted its own hurt, here trousseau that eighty thousand men had passed; but, after the army came the train of stragglers. They robbed honest farmers from the stables, and in drunken insult carcasses of tormented those who were weak.

Rose looked out upon the wondrous brightness of those June days—days in which the air is hay—unveiling in her thoughts how the sunlight was the same that fell upon the fields of France and beauty in its dreaded work. The way was deep. Drifting through it in profound silence—drifting so slowly and gently that Rose hardly seemed to move, were soft and small clouds. So deep had Rose now become versed in scenes of pain and terror that her heart knew its own strings; and though there was no fear very air, and through all its brightness, a certain sadness, as if already she felt the horrors of that distant battle, whose sounds, though it was already August, were not heard. Every field was fenced peacefully as those flocks of brilliant cloud, shading white, stirred with shades and shadows.

"Serene and stateless, ye grow, oh clouds! The winds that roar upon forests shake no sunlight out of your silver fleece. Without sound or sowing, ye grow. Ye wither without frost, and fade and pass away in silence. Ye are like alike in winter or in summer, and shake down from your bright drops or flakes in both seasons. Yet no man may plant you, nor all you, nor any husbandry in the realm where ye dwell."

"I guess you're thinkin', Miss Rose," said Hiram, "that it's time to have something to eat. Well, I shouldn't wishter if I was."

"Yes, Hiram, I was thinking of harness, but not exactly such as could be eaten."

"Well, I'll see what can be done. The last time travellers are passin' about, I see. I wish I don't believe we can git along much further. Guess we'll have to lie, and I'll go and see."

In a short time he was dressing again, with her face turned toward the wagon.

"Got a cool collation of white cone-stones? Ye are the mother of invention? Hidden them in the lightning? Now ye are palaces of silence, but to-morrow all the world will be ringing with resound-cannon! And so out of every's being be ein come hatred, and out of each's being be ocean war, and all that makes peace beautiful changes in battle is mighty wrath, to useful cruelty, to tremendous slaughter. Even now, who knows?—while I look upon this serene heaven, Baxter, perhaps, is in the heat of fight; it may be he lies wounded, or dying, because no one binds up his wounds—"

"What on earth's the matter, Miss Rose—are ye crazy?" said Hiram, and without waiting for an answer he went on—"It's no time for cryin' now—the battle is over. We've heard that Gettysburgh—some say it's all on our side, and some that it's victory, and nobody knows anything about it. But the headquarters is movin', and the whole army is goin' whither. I'm meant to get there to-night we must be stirrin', I can tell ye."

Rose consulted with the agents of the Commission in charge of the company, and it was considered useless to attempt to force their way along the road by which the army was moving already choked up with artillery, supply trains, and the ambulances of the wounded. Hiram started out to explore. He soon returned, with his face quite white, and nobody knew of his slaughtered bearing.

"Rose, I'm afraid we shall be intrude upon him. Her next and better thought was, "it is Baxter, my childhood friend," and in a moment every other thought was gone, and with a gladness scarcely less than overwhelming, Rose reached both her hands to Baxter. But he started back—embarrassed. Rose understood, yet seemed to touch him. He had prepared for her a formal greeting.

"This is very kind, Miss Wentworth."

"No, sir, Hiram—go to Mr. Blackwell—to you—I am Rose; the same names which we used in childhood—I am Rose."

A throng of memories crowded his mind. His face was a tempest. Rose looked upon him with wonder. The cause was choked up with the news?

"Rose, I have seen my brother and Dickon are pushing on with all our might. The day after to-morrow we expect to be in the field by night."

Those were time but for a few words, hurried and almost incoherent. In a moment Baxter was gone. It was a strange meeting—one of the seal are made through glances of the eye. Rose had seen on the sad night experiences—hope, fear, foreboding, love, sad and tender—crossed all in that glance. Those revelations of the souls' inmost life will not be understood by those who have not known such language. But a look is almost as immaterial as the sigh. There is a passion in the pantaloon of a thing to soothe as love. Not what they say do they understand (Hinda), but, that the soul looked while saying it. We live upon the meaning of the expression of the face rather than upon the tongue. The silence which speech carries with it is not always the most eloquent.

With a sick soul, Hiram had got his party out of the way of the army. Baxter passed, and was anxious his way over to the Baltimore road, and, by night, the whole train was in motion. Early, by night o'clock, the jaded horses and soldiers were halted through weariness in the streets of a house where they might sleep. By the faint moonlight, Hiram recognised the place as the next at hand.

"Rose," said Hiram, "there is a Dutch barn. Now we shall stumble over the hovel pretty soon."

"Why, what do you mean?" said Agate.

"Why, Dutchmen live in Dutch barns. Pennsylvania Dutch think more of their horses than they do of themselves. Their barns—Dutchmen have awful unsent wishes he was a horse. The Dutch barn is the Gothic cathedral of Pennsylvania."

Hiram, for once, had to take back his words, for the Dutchman's house was a palace to the house, which would have done no discredit to the Rue de Rivoli. Hiram knew nothing about it was still. Though it was not yet nine o'clock, all was in deep silence.

"I guess," said Hiram, "that they're gone to bed with the chickens. Take care you don't Dutchman you as army. I guess they think we're all Secessionists, and they'll be there's much fightin' to-morrow."

"I'm not much interested. The family were shed and soundly asleep. A rap at the door brought no response. Hiram, then, in a loud tone, called to the door.

"Hello! Is there no one to stay here to-night?"

"Why, if course you can. Come right in! Why, you're welcome—welcome to-night! That's too bad. Mary! Mary, I say!"

"Yes, I'm coming! Is it the Yankees?"

The sniffer endeavoring to chase the sleepiness from her eyes, and, having put on her shoes and gotten her dress in order, and, having put on her shoes and gotten her dress in order, and, having up her dress in order, and, having up her hair, she appeared.

"Seems to me your shed early, uncle, aren't you?" said Mary.

"Wal—pretty. But we go to bed early; we get up early."

"Liked to have got up this time 'fore you got to bed, I think, uncle."

"Yes, you, you," said the honest old farmer, with an admonishing laugh.

"Don't you know the army's all round you? Why, I'm afraid you'll touch nothin'. They'll welcome to 't if they do."

"Is it far to town?"

"Wal—bout three miles; three and a half—say four. Depends how you go. Which way you go?"

Agate Hiram had seen to the horses, he followed the wounds, and soon came upon the house of Dickon Wadsworth. The long-looking of artillery still was heard in the roads of the town, and occasionally the sound of musketries had turned into fixie on either side of the road. Both armies were still manœuvring. They moved steadily, as men who were tired to long and to leave anything.

He came across a part of the cavalry that had been skirmishing through the night. Some of the some scraps of the fight as they had seen it. He stopped for the hospitals, toward which, in the morning, he was to go an officer, with his head bandaged, gave him the information.

Before's Cavalry and Wadsworth's Division of Reynolds' Corps had held the heads of Hill and Longstreet's Corps, coming from Chambersburg, and, for a long time, with some advantage. The most successful Corps coming in on the Union right, breaking the enemy's centre and rear upon them. The whole left wing had barely saved itself, but now was holding the high ground south and east of Gettysburgh. This was the first day's fight. Hiram returned to the house, and after a generous supper the party were glad to retire. The day had been enough for them, and the morrow would be their own.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

UNCLE WILL'S STORY.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

"I don't believe one word that you are saying, Tom," said little Miss Kimberly, her cheeks growing so red, in her indignation, as the cherry-colored ribbons in her hair, "where she would look so that old fudge! She's going to marry Mr. Eaton. I guess I know! He asked me one night, if I wouldn't like to have him for my brother! And I said yes, for I like them very well."

"You may believe it, or not, but as you like, Miss Pert; it's so. I heard him tell pa so this morning. You're only a little old servant girl's brother. She's got lots of it; oceans of dollars! Oh, cruising! won't she make things elise!"

Here Master Tom varied the performance of standing on one leg to that of standing on the other.

"I don't have him for my brother," exclaimed the little lady, standing her feet. "And you are just the worst, the baddest boy—"

Just then Uncle Will appeared, coming down upon the porch, bringing with it the gleam of golden hair and blue eyes.

"Pin Mcberry, what do you mean by getting into such a passion?"

"It isn't me; it's that ugly, provoking Tom! I do wish I had you and your going on that cruise old Akers, whose hair is almost as white as a sheet, and his face as red as a rose, so kind and nice-looking. It also, is he, Sue?"

"Yes, indeed, Uncle Will, he's a splendid man, and I'm glad you're going with him. He'll take care of you."

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"Yes, indeed, Uncle Will, he's a splendid man, and I'm glad you're going with him. He'll take care of you."

"Wal, I'm glad to hear that. Tom, you're a fine boy, and I'm sorry you've been so naughty to your sister. Now, I'm going to tell you a story, and I want you to listen to it."

"Is there a fairy in it?" said Tom, who was always very fond of fairy stories.

"No, there's no fairy in it, but there's a little girl in it, and a little boy, and a little dog, and a little cat, and a little bird, and a little mouse, and a little bee, and a little fly, and a little—"

"Oh, stop, Uncle Will!" said Tom, "I don't want to hear any more."

"Wal, I'm glad to hear that, for I don't want to tell any more. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll tell you a story about a little girl

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SET FREE.

BY CARLTON DUNN.

Watching the shadows come and go,
Watching the constant sea-waves flow,
Watching the faithful sea-gulls soar—
I see but these.

Listening to waves that softly sing,
Listening to Roger's gay carolling,
Listening to Mamsey's baby talk—
I hear but these.

Speaking of all that's sweet and pure,
Speaking of love that shall endure,
Speaking of Jesus' high mission,
I speak of thee.

Praising the deeds that can not bless,
Praising the words of insincerest,
Praising the fair, unstable mistress
I praise not thee.

Kissing me because forever that grieves,
Kissing the brightest dew that gleam,
Kissing the sweet heart of the rose—
I kiss but thee.

Loving me forever and a day,
Loving the truth God lips repeat,
Loving all things divine or sweet—
I love but thee.

MAD IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

BY ART RANDOLPH.

"Everything goes wrong," said Mr. Tripler, laying down his book and fish with the face of a martyr.

There are some people in the world with whom "everything" seems chronically to go wrong—there are some whose intellectual wall is fettered in the minor key, and who go on lamenting through life as if they were Jeremiahs. Mr. Nathan Tripler was a burning and a shining light.

"What's the matter, dear?" questioned Mrs. Tripler, who sat opposite her husband with a round-eyed baby on her knee, and two or three little ones clustering about her, as if the unfruitful meal on either side of her. Mrs. Tripler was a tall, handsome woman, with blue eyes and fair hair—a woman who might have been pretty, could have dressed herself of a certain frightened, apprehensive look that came over her face whenever her lord and master spoke or looked towards her. Not that Nathan Tripler was more than usually morose, but he never either beaten her or used coarse reproaches to her, and so, being to feel faint, a woman never is ready to let her mind rest upon the worst, even when the waning looks.

"What's the matter, dear?" repeated Mrs. Tripler, dolefully. "Such cooking! and such coal! You must have burnt that new coal of yours into the street at once."

"But, Nathan, I'm very sorry, but I cooked the breakfast myself, dear, this morning. Isn't there to like?"

"Nice! Yes—very nice for those who can digest leather and drink chicory!"

"The biscuits are fresh and hot, Nathan."

"I don't want biscuits—I want bread."

"And I thought the steak was unusually tender."

No reply. Mr. Tripler had folded his arms and was glaring at the unconscious and patronized dampier at the ceiling.

"Will you take another cup of coffee?" timidly questioned his wife.

"Coffee! Is that coffee? Really I thought it was hot water that had got into the urn by mistake!"

"I will order some fresh made," said Mrs. Tripler, with the air of a martyr.

"You will do no such thing, ma'am, if you please," said Mr. Tripler, sternly. "My appetite is completely destroyed."

"Why, you have not tasted it!"

"No."

"There's some very nice ham in the pantry."

"I dare say—there always is when I don't want it."

"I am very sorry, Nathan," said poor little Mrs. Tripler, despairingly.

Yes, she was sorry, this faithful, much enduring wife; but did the frequent repetition of this monotonous strain of sorrow evince penitence and sense of guilt. Some women would have got accustomed to the daily disappearance and thrown it off as a feeble casts the dew-drops from her wings; but not so Dorothy Tripler. She was too sensitive, too conscientious, too delicately organized to laugh off her mistakes as some surface-deep characters would have done. So when her husband had departed, still grumbling under his breath, as he slammed the door, she leaned her head upon her arms on the weary little hand and murmured softly to herself:

"I will, I will! I will be more careful."

Then, as if the had uttered high treason, she started to her feet, clasping the sensation of repining, and began industriously to prepare the home-nest for the little, fledgling brood that had for school.

"It's Monday morning and Nathan don't like there to be too noisy," thought the meek-spirited wife.

Meanwhile Mr. Tripler was slowly walking down the long dock, with the sea-breeze in his face, glad that he had read where, once a day, the American mail was made up, and that a steamer for the train at Marine Station. It was cheaper to live in the city than in the country, and Mr. Tripler, although not an actual lazier man, he was a decided loiterer from a burden.

As Nathan thought along, thinking how best to get rid of some troublesome slaves of railway stock that were at present unsalaleable on his hands, he suddenly became conscious of the presence of a man, who, with folded arms, with a head as smooth and shining as a billiard ball, who was sitting on a bollder of moss-grown stone just where the pathway merged into the Lenoxville road.

"Good morning, sir," said the stranger. "Have a seat?"

Mr. Tripler had no very strong social elements in his nature; in fact, he was decidedly a bear and kept on his way. But the first he knew two iron grasps were on his shoulders, he felt himself twirled suddenly round, like a human humming top, and made to sit down. More than was exactly agreeable on the boulder.

"What do you mean?"

"Dear me!" suddenly interrupted the unemotionable stranger, "what a very dire but you have. Now what do you say to exchanging hats? Mine is the coolest, and I find it to somehow heating to the brain."

"You are quite welcome, sir," faltered the tremulous Nathan, speaking all the more rapidly in that the stranger's manner had already deeply affected the change.

"And you look, too—nice cool linen. Upon my word, now, that coat is infinitely preferable to this woolen concern—smacks of noise, with the brass buttons. Yes—it fits me very nicely. I hope you don't object, as this accommodation?"

"N—o!" faltered Mr. Tripler.

"Well, great mercies!" cried the stranger, looking round with a look of blessed air. "I really don't see anything in order orderly in—I had like to be here precisely at nine o'clock—and everything seems to be confusion if I don't attend to it myself."

He plunged into the green, dense fastnesses of the wood, talking restlessly to himself as he went, and Mr. Nathan Tripler was left alone in a coarse white hat and a coat of coarse blue cloth, garnished with huge metal buttons, whose brilliance was considerably tarnished.

"Dear me, what a figure I cut," groaned Mr. Tripler, eyeing himself with disgust. "I must go directly home and get on something decent. I am a man would be taken for one of the strolls of New York if he ventured to walk in such a mean in such a dress as this."

He rose, brushed away the chill drops of perspiration from his face, and was just proceeding to placing the crimson and green handkerchief in his pocket, when he was suddenly grasped from behind and a brown wig clapped on his head.

"Well, we're catch you at last, my beauty," said a burly man who stood over him, while another had bound his wrists and pinioned before he could find words or breath to remonstrate. "I've thought you was gone to give us the slip, hey? Come—it isn't worth while to cut up like this, you know, unless you want the straight-jacket brought on."

"Hang-jacket!" gasped Tripler, "what do I want of a strait-jacket?"

"Nothing," said the man, behave yourself ur-ruly like. Steady, then! Toss, bring up the wagon."

"Where are you taking me to?" remonstrated our hero, as he was hustled into a one-horse wagon.

"To the asylum to be sure, where you'd have been two hours ago if you hadn't been a little too spry for your keepers, and given them leg-bail."

Light began to dawn on the troubled chaos of Mr. Tripler's quick bewildered brain.

"It's all a mistake, my good fellows—a ridiculous mistake," he exclaimed. "I am not a mad man."

"Oh, of course not; we know you're not," responded the burger of the two, with a wink to his companion, "we've got the right one."

"But I am not, indeed; you are mistaking me for somebody else. I am on my way to the train to exchange hats and coats with my friend, who has been here this morning, and—"

"Oh, no—I guess not," said the burger, "we've got the right one, and you must stay."

"My good men, you're making a sadder some thing stupid mistake," remonstrated the victim, trying to speak with the composure of one who has the consciousness of his own excitement. "I am Mr. Nathan Tripler, of No. 10 Lenox avenue, New York." said the burger, blushing a vigor, "yesterday I was Nathan Tripler, and to-day you're Nathan Tripler, and to-morrow, I guess, you'll be Nathan Tripler, too. Come, come, old friends. I've heard this kind o' talk afore."

Tripler's heart began to stand still with indignation, and the only thing which kept him from to be to actually hammed within the high mounwalls of a lunatic asylum was the dread of being with a feeling of dread and horror beyond all words to describe. "I must escape, or commit some ridiculous mistake." In vain he reasoned, argued, protested, and finally, when he discovered that of his two conductors like drops of rain pattering on the roof of the wagon, "Nathan Tripler" at length he was carried—more dead than alive with terror and excitement at the end of a busy row of similar ones. It was lighted and ventilated from the roof, and had a long table in the centre, surrounding which high up on the wall, and furnished with a single chair, was a shelf built into the wall; and there, Mr. Nathan Tripler was informed, he would be expected to sit down to enjoy the uninterrupted society of his co-inhabitants during meals.

"It can't be possible I must be mad," said the dreamy, bewildered Nathan.

But it was one possible, and he never was wider from it than at that moment.

Towards evening a pint of water, and a piece of coarse bread were dealt out to him. Mr. Tripler tried to count on the number of days it would have the growing sensation of distance and was at last utterly lost.

"What would I give for one of Dorothy's hot rolls and delicious tea!" he exclaimed, with a poor imbe Dorothy! I have been too hard upon her. Suppose—but suppose I should die, without being able to tell her how ashamed I am of my cruel and unjust words!"

It was not the dry bread that choked Nathan Tripler's throat as he spoke, but the remembrance of his own dim and shortcomings.

The evening wore on, and still water again. Nathan thought of Dorothy's deepest coffee and unsurpassed cakes.

"I've deserved it," thought Nathan, "there's nothing I have heart in nothing for me now. I will think of Dorothy and the children no more. It is hard to be treated so, even though I know I've deserved it; but I will not. I will not think of them. I will not!"

But he could not help it. He had not been long; I was the first time in his life that the circumstances of circumstances is rather a doubtful one.

But Mr. Tripler was mistaken about the strictness of the asylum rules. He was not to be overlooked by two or three gentlemen—all profuse in their attentions to the new acquisition.

"Such a mistake," said one old gentleman, with a tall hat.

"So awkward for you, my dear sir!" said another, with a flowered dressing-gown.

"But entirely unintentional, I assure you, sir," chimed in a third.

Mr. Tripler looked vacantly from one to the other.

"Then I'm not mad, it seems?" he demanded.

"Not a particle, sir!" cried the three consolers on the spot.

"Oh!" said Mr. Tripler, "I'm glad to hear it!" Then the full force of the mistake and the sense of involuntary guest how the mistake had happened flashed upon him, and he was enshrouded with that veil of his mysterious acquaintance of the woods.

"We are very sorry," said the first Counsellor, "very sorry indeed, but you're head is! If it had been the Town Pump."

"Or a Turk," said Mr. Tripler, hesitantly.

"Here is your hat and coat, sir," said the second gentleman, politely. "We had great difficulty in getting the one away from the other, but the hat-lining was the worst. Mr. Tripler, I'm sure you will do us the favor to call upon us certain but that he was a little mad after all.

"Yes," said Mr. Tripler, with a sudden thought, all was the wildest grief and confusion there. All beauty had the wonderful wreathed, the coat dragged, and the whole village ransacked, and there now in hysterics in the nursery. Nathan walked straight in, and put both arms round her waist.

"Here I am, Dottie! Don't cry any more."

But Mrs. Tripler cried more than ever.

"It's only a dream," she sobbed. "Nathan is dead."

"No, I'm not dead" said Mr. Tripler, with a grim sense of humor, "only I've been mad."

And quieting his wife's sobs after awhile, he told her all his adventures.

"And now is dinner ready?" he asked, "for I'm so hungry as a bear."

"I haven't a thing in the house fit to eat, Nathan, dear," wailed his wife.

"I don't care if it's nothing but dry bread and molasses, Dottie," said the husband. "I can tell you the sweetest sense of the atmosphere out of me. I shall never grumble again, don't you know."

And Dorothy brightened up. It was the first time he had called her "Dottie," or spoken in that tenderly, since their honeymoon was in its crescent days.

He adhered to his good resolutions—he never did grumble again. The Asylum had done him genuine good!

CARINE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

It was during the dark days of the war—days that were often very dark to us down in the valley—that we first knew Carine. We lived very quiet, secluded lives, neither mingling much with the world, nor knowing much of the gay, fashionable life of the city.

We had been wakened from our lethargy when the tidings of war reached us. My Uncle Leonard had long been a resident of cities. He had left the city proper in the dirt of daily work, and the friends he had known in his active life, and settled down in a sober and quiet manner with quantities of daily newspapers, and all the current literature of the day around him.

As Uncle Leonard had no children, and my father was dead, and I was the downfall of all the family cares, it was but natural that they should turn to the welcome shelter of the humble birthplace of their youth, and there, in the quiet, unsuiting these, and (all privilege, nephew,) I was born and reared. Here we lived in the old home, all the interests and movements of the little village were ours, and the hundred and one hundred beyond that happy valley.

Yes, I was happy in my home was the depth for news in those early, exciting days. The daily papers were looked to first of all, and lying or sitting wherever he was placed, for the first moment, he was deep in the midst of the latest motion. But his tongue was not bound, and it was a constant source of delight to me, and in consequence, our house was thronged constantly, and the evenings were always full. The very best news to perform the duty he would willingly—and, I must confess, all the more willingly—and never served for the effort by the living, burning words of the orator of the day.

"God forbid that I should be silent," he said, "when my country is in danger. I am willing to giving in my country."

And he meant that our home, the quiet valley farm-house, suddenly became silent, and the neighbors came in and out, and sat by us the very heart of the district, which was represented as a fair and loyal one. Many of the outside world to which so many of the young men, and even some of the older ones, had gone.

We had all resolved, from the very first, to do what we could for the cause, but I was the only one who could do anything.

My father was too old for military duty. He had been a soldier in his younger days, and his home fires burning. But my three brothers and Harold Carlisle, my betrothed, had left us. My sorrows smooth cheek had been steamed by the hot tears—sorrowful, as many of the tears were, all rallied beneath the banner of their country, cheering as they went. Now that I was left with no near connected forms, and father did not count, for he was very feeble, and was not so great for his waning strength. We were busy and active, and each making all the sacrifices in our power.

Our cause was the place of meeting for the sewing societies. Mother they flocked, often numbering a score or more of ladies. Here came the sisters of jellies, cordials, dried fruits, which poured in, a constant, never-failing stream. Here was the large, old-fashioned room, where we sewed and knit, and packed the boxes that were sent away, and here the letters were sent. Uncle Leonard said he was a better man than I was, for he could write the most exciting and doing of all, even of some of the most exciting events, with the utmost composure, even gladdening a letter.

But I was not surprised when I detected footsteps and tears on the pillow, for the sorrow that strewn upon them covered the earth. Some mornings I would awaken with a sensation of bitterness, or perhaps some like-remembered cause, and, thoughtless, would spring up, with a flippant appreciated, calmly, quietly, as if nothing had happened, and then, with the very window before which I sat, would come the memory of the night before, and then a small pain race was pressed against the window-pane, and I would look out upon the locomotive, and know that the midnight train had passed, and that the sad, sad, sad sensations what, strange people came in to inquire for the wounded, and I would go into the city in the early evening. I glanced at the faces of the men, and I read the sad, sad tale—a woman's face, almost a child's, and with grief and anxiety.

I did not move, and then a little hand, white and soft, was laid upon my arm, and I looked up. I saw the glitter of a costly ring. I saw the face. The face was beautiful and appealing, the lips quivering, and the eyes lustrous with tears. The hand was upon me, the lamp in my hand, and forthwith opened the door, which from that moment remained the subject of half.

Only the timid shrinking figure entered, but I had time to get frightened and four burglars, with a tall, handsome man, at their head, had locked the door behind my late guest, alone. I was in the hands of robbers, and not altogether pleased at the situation.

"Now, good woman, tell her to herself, for knowing what I ought to say, and being hurried to be sent to the house," he remarked, the door was soon arrive, and I had no time to spare.

"Now you're in the nursery," Nathan walked straight in, and put both arms round her waist.

"Here I am, Dottie! Don't cry any more."

But Mrs. Tripler cried more than ever.

"It's only a dream," she sobbed. "Nathan is dead."

"No, I'm not dead" said Mr. Tripler, with a grim sense of humor, "only I've been mad."

And quieting his wife's sobs after awhile, he told her all his adventures.

"And now is dinner ready?" he asked, "for I'm so hungry as a bear."

"Not heard? Oh, I thought to get word of Bertie here, strictly."

And a storm of tears burst forth.

"Do you know him—do you know my brother Bertie?" I cried. "Tell me who you are."

No answer came, and I could not ask for it, for a cloud of whence sounded from the dresses of the opposite hill, and I knew the messenger had come. Soon I heard his step on the portico. I left my letter, and hastened to admit him.

"Bertie!" I cried, for I had heard him and written on my letter.

"I am here, Bertie, darling. So you live! God bless you. DARLE."

And then I learned her name.

Not another word was said, under the cover they had finished my letter. Sewing arms placed the heavy boxes on the waiting wagon, the lamb, and the messenger was gone.

Carine Carine to her room, and fell her knees and prayed. And soon little slumbers were unquestioned.

Which fell we hear from Herbert, and then I felt left you all," Carine whispered to me when we were alone next morning. "Tell your mother I know him."

And she said no more, though I could see that she watched the road, and seemed doomed by every sound.

And so the day passed away, and the late hour arrived and still night brought us a letter. All were alive. Herbert was slightly wounded in right arm," dismissed the account of his injuries; but James, our darling boy, my youngest brother, was—what to write I could not. "Desperately wounded; he will lose his leg, the doctor says." This was our listing of Willam had escaped unhurt.

"I will go to him," I said, and my parents had no word of objection. The next day found us laden with messages and comforts. Carine left a kiss upon my lips, which I knew was intended for me alone, and here is the constant my mother.

By that time she had told me her story, and I knew that her allegiance to Herbert had cost her the love of her own family, and that the world remain with us, the child of my parents' love, with no home, no kindred, no friends, but me, or of my hospital experience. Herbert had found her in the hospital, and settled in New York, and become home to be elected captain of the company which he had raised.

In Richmond he had met and known Carine. When she was going to the country and the city, she did not, for that, deep the love before confessed, and Herbert, with all his heart, and Carine had attempted to compel his daughter to become his wife upon a newly completed life—a life with a hand that was very valuable, since Carine was the daughter of the large farmers of the neighborhood. She had temporized, but the tidings of the war arrived and all private considerations were forgotten in the public.

Herbert had been and heard of South-Carolina, where he had engaged in the law in his native country and its traditions, and in the city of Charleston he was yet possible, and had come

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

By HORACE GREELEY.

No. 27.

DRIFTING INTO BUSINESS.

Having been fairly driven in New York one or three years earlier than I deemed desirable, I was in like manner impelled to undertake the responsibilities of business while still in my twenty-second year. My friend Story, barely older than myself, had been successfully editing city ways, having been for many years the only boy in a poor widow, and announced to strangers with diffidence, had already conceived the idea of starting a printery, and offering me a partnership in the enterprise. His proposed Wall street, on *The Spirit of the Times*, made him acquainted with Mr. S. J. Sylvester, quite a leading broker and seller of lottery tickets, who was publishing a weekly "Business Register," largely devoted to the advertising of his own business, and who offered my friend the job of printing that paper. Story was also intimate with Mr. C. C. Beach, who, in addition to his medical practice, dabbled moderately in ink, and in whose office my friend made the acquaintance of a young physician, Dr. H. D. Shepard, who understood to know money, and who was latent at bringing out a cheap daily paper, to be sold about the streets—then a novel idea—daily papers being presumed desirable only for mercantile men, and addressed exclusively to them, wants and tastes. Dr. Shepard had won over my friend to a belief in the practicability of the project, and the latter visited me at my work and my lodging, paying me to smile with him in sharing a prizelotry on the strength of Mr. Sylvester's and Shepard's profitless work. I hesitated, having very little means—for I had saved a good part of my past year's scanty earnings to aid my father in his pecuniary and misfortunes wilderness; but Story's enthusiastic confidence at length overbalanced ever my distrust; we formed a partnership, hired part of a new room already devoted to printing, on the south-west corner of Nassau and Liberty streets, (opposite our city's present post-office,) spending our last (less than $200) and mortgaging our credit to the amount for the requisite materials. I think Dr. Anson Cooper, the extensive type-founder, in Ann street,—having a very slight acquaintance with him, formed a high opinion of frequent visits to his foundry in quest of "sorts," (type found deficient in the several offices for which I had worked at one time or another,) and, after hearing me patiently, decided not to credit me six months for the sum worth of type which I asked of him; and he did right—my exhibit did not justify my request. I went differently thence to Mr. Starkweather, the other type-founder, in Chambers street,—made the same exhibit, and was also refused by him (he couldn't admit), and that purchase was first successful in his concern the sale of more than $50,000 in sorts of type. I think he must have lasted something in my awkward, humble way that impelled him to take the risk; for my show of means did not justify my requesting the credit.

The Morning Post—Dr. Shepard's tri-cent daily, (which he wished to sell for one cent,) was issued on the 1st of January, 1833. Nobody in New York reads much outcry without reading on New Year's Day; and that one happened to be well read, with the utmost much obstructed by a fall of snow throughout the preceding night. Projectors of newspapers in those days, (now expecting other people to advertise in their columns, did not comprehend that the snow was adverse, or the public will never know what their business has been united into existence,) and Dr. S. was too poor to give his sheet the requisite publicity, but he understood the business. He was neither a writer nor a man of affairs; had no editors, no reporters—very many, no correspondents, and no exchanges were; he learned that a paper would sell, if acceptable for cheapness, though remarkable also for the absence of every other desirable quality. He was said to have migrated, while a youth, from *New Jersey to New York*, with $1,500 in cash; in his old, his capital must have nearly all vanished before he had issued his first number. Though his enterprise involved no outlay of capital to fit up, and his weekly outgoes were less than $200, he was able to meet them for a few months only, while his income was limited to the circulation of but two or three hundred copies. Finally, he increased the price to one cent, but the public would not buy it, even at that; and he jettisons, after struggling for a year or two manfully, a very worthy struggle to go on beyond the second or third week, and the publisher had stopped paying. Dr. Shepard then cheap-formed daily in New York—perhaps in the world—and when issuing yet a month old; and we printers were hard aground on a lee shore, with little prospect of getting off.

We were saved from sudden bankruptcy by the address of my partner, who had formed the acquaintance of a wealthy, eccentric bring named Beach, who had a taste for editorial life, and who was somehow induced to buy the wreck of *The Morning Post*, remove it to the office of his own, and employ Story as foreman. He soon tired of his fruitless, profitless speculation, and threw it up; but we had meantime surmounted our embarrassments by the help of the little money he paid for a portion of our materials and for my partner's services. Meantime, the managers of the New York Lotteries, then popularly known under State authority, had allowed a portion of their lottery-prizes printing to fellow their drawings into our columns, and were paying us very fairly for it; I doing most of the composing. For two or three months after Dr. Shepard's collapse, I was frequently sent for to work as a substitute in the compositing-room of *The Commercial Advertiser*, not far from our thing; and I was at length offered a regular situation there; but our business had by this time so improved that I was constrained to decline. Working early and late, and looking sharply on every side for Job, we were beginning to make decided headway, when my partner was drowned (July 9th, 1834) while bathing in the East River near his mother's residence in Brooklyn, and I bitterly mourned the loss of a dear friend and decried friend. His place in the concern was promptly taken by another young printer, a friend of the deceased, named Joseph Swan Winchester, who soon married Story's eldest sister; and we three went on, with moderate but steady prosperity, until the ensuing Spring, when we issued, (March 22nd, 1834,) without premonitory sound or trumpet, *The New-Yorker*, a large, fair and dearly weekly folio, (afterward changed to a double quarto,) devoted mainly to general literature, but giving regularly a digest of all important news, (besides a few pages of exhibit and summary of election returns and other political intelligence. I edited the literary part of the paper, while my partner took charge of our more profitable jobbing business.

The New-Yorker was issued under my supervision, its editorship written, its selections made, for the most part, by me, for seven years and a half from the date first given. Though not calculated to strike particularly or excite enthusiasm, it was at length extensively liked and read. It began with scarcely a dozen subscribers; these steadily increased to nine thousand; and its circulation, under better business management, (perhaps I should add, at a more favorable time,) would proved profitable; but the enterprise never did not, was mainly owing to these circumstances. 1. It was not extensively advertised at the start, and at least annually thereafter, as the books will show; 2. It was never cheaply published, though it had half a dozen nominal competitors in that respect; 3. It was made up of serbians on credit, and a large share of them proved worthless; 4. It was filled with a large list of collection from others an up the proceeds; and 5. Its publication was suspended, (from sickness, expenses, &c., whereby literary periodicals are usually destroyed,) three months within four years. I believe that such a paper, taxed to-day, properly published, would be found to yield a handsome income; and I have doubled thousand in less than was required to establish it. I have never ceased to regret, in the most violent manner, any removal money for its owners, instead of to be a source of profit to them. The first year's loss was $1,500 when it was started; I worked hard and did all the writing myself, and received no salary. During the first two years on the profits of our printing business, I devoted my time exclusively to the paper, while my partner, by taking the jobbing business entirely off my hands, enabled me to grow pretty fairly thereabouts till the Commercial Panic of 1837 swept away the whole of our advancing it and me in the general ruin. I had married (August 31, 1836) Miss Mary Young, and worth $6,000, and the master of a business which had immediately yield me the income of at least $1,000 per annum; but, instead of that, I was compelled to struggle for several years throughout 1837, to contract a net loss of about $1,000 per annum, and to see my property all swept, but very few of those paid; and I ultimately found myself owing debts of over $2,000 that I had might have appalled a stouter heart. Often did I wish that I had never seen a New-Yorker, and had stood loss to most some demand that could no longer be resisted or evaded; and, after struggling in a previous hour, knew him, utterly unable to be of any assistance to me, have borrowed $200 of a broker late on Saturday, and paid him $5 for the use of it on Monday (Monday morning), to encourage contrived to secure it. Most gladly would I have paid $1,000 to have been relieved of it. I had failed to pay my notes continually falling due, I must have failed more for want of my support of myself —so that would have stalled nothing. To have failed for a thousand (for I could get no more) would have left me in debt, beside my notes for borrowed money, to every one of my creditors. At least three thousand subscribers who had paid in advance would have been defrauded by my bankruptcy. If any one would have taken my business and assumed my debts, he should have had him my note for $7,000, I would have jumped at the offer, and would have left the city. But nothing type, if nothing better offered. If it be remembered that my yearly expenses were not so no time more than $1,000 to $7,000, I have only to say that I was then a child of debt; that he who keenly feels his obligation to fulfil every engagement, and to satisfy whatever he undertakes to doing, and who finds himself dragged each week by a stronger than human power, and who feels better, would "go into business"—that is, into debt—and that I was in debt. I was in debt when my note for $7,000, I would have jumped at the offer, and would have left the city. But I had

AT THE TWILIGHT.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Low sun, ethid, the while we sing,
And a ring of phantom gold,
Signing down the tapers of sunset,
Round the twilight world is rolled,
Round the twilight world in rosiest radiance
Of the sweet-dying light,
For my sorrows die before me,
With the other time of the night!

Once the radiant dawn of promise
Over-arched my nursery way,
And my steps were direct to smile
In the enchanted halls of May;
But the blighting winds of sorrow
Smote my brow a summer day,
And I saw the buds of beauty
Wither at my feet and die.

Barren breadths of desolation
Stretched beneath the tired spheres,
Yet a vagrant and wild horizon,
Lured me with its mirages,
And the flower of joy perished
Blossomed amid the arid vast,
Save some dim-remembered grace
In the garden of the past.

And the years that fall before me,
And the years that rise again,
Are but shadows, dry-rifting
On a shoreless sea of pain!
Never glimpse the very dawn
Over shining wreaths of foam—
Never hear the sunrise carol
Round the fair feet of Morn.

And no soft tracks gleam and beckon,
Mid the way of dew and waves,
Up to the sky, and down to the sea,
Wingless and fleet, my visions—save
Where one tall, white shaft uplifteth
From the ripples of the grave!
And the blank page of the mariner,
Sunless and rain-remembered plain
Wherein for the mates and story
Of his many-chanced main!

Ay, anthem with mirthless accompaniment,
Ay, with the sad, sad sea-wind sought,
Still, there will be, day-dreams
The Eternal shrine of Thought;
And in vain the desolation
Or a life not left unbent,
Still there is the prophecy,
In the soul true to its own!

But the voice of Hope's young gladness
In my cabinet heart is mute,
Nor by one pure thought fallen perished
Of the cancer at the root,
And the sweet-lipped Faith that loved me
At my feet in vain lies ill!
All the hours of sweet Emotion
In my wildest wish are still!
What to me is love but sadness?
Let the thought vanish go by!

Wait—you linger still, my darling!
Wearing so true away!
And you love my sadness better
Than my gladness, I can say!
Stay, then, while the twilight deepens,
Laughter o'er the dark'ning land—
Share the tears I weep at twilight,
Turn your answer understand.

For the tears I weep for rapture,
For the cause of memory,
For the blessedness of sadness
Or the bitter years to be!
Know I have wept at the window,
And your soft arms round me held,
And your voice in tender accents uttered
Turns your sadness back to gold.

See, a gleam of rosy splendor
Burns upon the eastern cloud,
And a murmur low and tender
Creeping through the silence is abroad;
And a ray of sparkle dyeing
Lights the dew-drop's evanescent rosk—
'Tis the star of Morn and promise
Rising o'er the Ocean of God!

ABNER GAULT;

OR,

THE HAND OF FATE.

By MARY KYLE DALLAS

CHAPTER VIII.

ABNER'S CONFESSION.

It was, as near as Mr. Gault knew, about a twelve-month later. His last bad fall at school two years now, and he was a credit to her and to his master, as she had boastingly her of a grand reward for him—a birthday present which would be something to think of and to talk about. The day previous to this which she does to remember Abner's fall at school was the "Washington," to collect her quarter's rent, and that was the time of the trunks she still kept stored in a room she reserved for that purpose, an old-fashioned chest which had belonged to her husband.

She would have it herself, because she had the idea which people of her generation were apt to have, and that was, that good preservatives in gentility were made in the wearing of such an ornament. Some men in a different being—a boy, some day to be a man. Besides, she wanted to see him look as much as possible like she said to herself, as she took it to the watchmaker, standing, to show off to the gain in color.

It was not a handsome or expensive watch. On the contrary, it was old-fashioned and extremely odd, and only cost the owner, as it had not quite old enough to be very valuable even for that. But to Mrs. Gault's mind it was a prize. She polished it carefully, heard it tick with pride, counted it in a little purse, and kept it for the crowning joy of the day—after the dinner was ready, and the table decorated with oranges, and almonds, and raisins even dried of.

Then she drew it from her bosom, with—

"Guess what I've got here, Abner?"

"A watch—I hear it tick," said Abner. "Oh, thank you very so much. I've wanted one so much. Tom Corry has always been so saucy up about having one. I'll be even with him."

Then he strutted to the mirror and put it on, with an air quite peculiar to a boy with his first watch. He adjusted the chain and the seal. He regarded both in this way, and looked at his own reflection, with his head on one side.

"I'm bigger than Tom Corry," he said, with satisfaction. "He's bigger than any I ever saw in my life. I'm the biggest boy of I to grow any more."

"I'm glad you like it. I wouldn't have given it to any one else," said Mrs. Gault. "And the idea of your having a watch to wear a watch to school, and have treated him in the play ground, and your having made so decided the price from the second-hander, they say. It only happened last Friday, and I forgot; but still Corry was it was his silver."

"No matter, you can put yours on Sundays and Sundays, and wear it always when you come home for good," said Mrs. Gault. "I'll take care of it for you between times."

And she was very well pleased that the long-nurses which should run on the risk of being stolen in any school-boy frolic.

"I can go past Corry's house Sunday, and let him see mine before it on," said Abner, "that's one comfort."

"Oh, you mustn't be proud, Abby," said Mrs. Gault, "that's a sin. And now, Abner, I was asked to have you spend the day with me, and is in nearly dark; you must go, I think. I'll give you your pocket-money first."

And she took from a bureau-drawer a green black pocket-book.

"I've got a dollar this to-day," she said, "but I thought as it was to-day, I'd keep it in the house all night. I never like to do it, though, I don't feel safe. I'll give you a dollar, Abby, and don't buy any nasty hard cocoanut to make your self sick. Now, Abner, child, don't you forget."

She dropped a crisp new bill as she spoke, into Abner's hand, and counted her other money over to see if it was safe. Then she fled on the boy's comforter, and kissed him, and sent him away, watching him down the street, as she always did.

As she returned to her room she was puzzled by finding the door wide open. She felt sure that when she went down stairs she had shut it, and that it had shut of itself. She could only guess without hands—no more than she could she felt a little nervous as she thought it over, and was glad to have to see had her pocket-book was safe. There it was, quite undisturbed; and somehow Mrs. Gault could not feel quite easy. New York was full of thieves she knew, and for Abby's sake she would not like to lose any thing.

She looked into the closet and under the bed in the next room. Then she dropped the curtains—all! she had better have lifted them!—and lit a lamp. First she rubbed her two silver spoons and put them with their fellows in the drawer with the money, and then she looked once more at Abner's watch. Nothing had been touched. Perhaps the lady who lived up stairs had come to see the time, and had left the door open, thought Mrs. Gault. That comforted her.

She took out her knitting and sat down before her little low fire. It was warm, even though quite cool; but knitting did not quiet her nerves that night, and she dropped it very

PETTIFOGGER PARKER, MRS. GAULT'S "ONLY HERO."

soon, wondering why the gift impelled to look behind her every minute or so. "I'm sure I'm not getting nervous," she said, aloud. "I assure I've a mind to go up and speak to her," said Mrs. Bunn.

But as that moment there came a knock at the door, and a rosy face looked in.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Gault? I said the voice of the "lady up stairs" herself.

"Oh, it's Miss Bunn!" said Mrs. Gault. "Come in and sit down, Mrs. Bunn."

"Thank you, I will," said Mrs. Bunn—"I just looked in while Bunn looked up. He and I are going to see a play, for once in our lives. We haven't been before for ten years, and we feel quite silent, won't you, when the store is shut?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gault, wondering why she should be so nervous about it. "But, dear me, I shall go to bed in an hour or so."

"Thank right," said Mrs. Bunn; "early hours are the best. I often wonder at myself that having kept such late ones when I was a girl. But we were fashionable, and I was constantly to balls and parties and the opera—coming, Mrs. Bunn!—and never expected to live as I do now."

"La, how impatient men are! I'm coming!—You see he won't let me stop to talk."

And Mrs. Bunn ran away. Mrs. Gault felt more low-spirited than ever, when she was left herself to be quite alone under the roof. Somehow, girls, a bed and many was afraid, all, but what she wanted to do. Something kept saying to her: Keep a good watch; there is danger.

Danger of what? thought Mrs. Gault—of fire? But she could soothe and not hear it. She fastened the closes and looked out into the entry for safety. She put her head open, and ran to feel if they were bolt.

"I'm not going to be small of stocks," she said. "What does all me? I'm not one of those fidgety women who are always in a disordered and looked over her shoulder again.

"I'll go to bed at once, and get up early with all that evening. So she took down the blind and began to undress. Even then she felt that she could scarcely keep herself from wandering to the door and looking out again.

"It's a neglected duty, I begin to believe," she said to herself, "and I'm quite ashamed. I've cleared my dishes and locked up my scenes, and I've nothing to do but to go to bed to watch. What haven't I done that all this evening I should have done?"

But then, she thought, she had been tired, and to a little while away in it, and her fire for the night and so on. When she had said her prayers, and was cozy and warm, she began to think of Abner. How handsome he was growing, and how tall!

"He'll be a fine man, tall, and well-attended, and not poor, neither," she said; and then she thought more over the fact that he was to be one and Abby. "To-morrow," "to-morrow," "to-morrow," over and over again.

Mrs. Gault was not given to flights of fancy; but, as the little clock on the mantel-piece struck words, she began to remember how time was flying with every repetition of the word, and with every change of the long black hands.

"Oh, my dear—it is presumptuous not to do it," she said; "calculating on life as though we were sure of it a day. I'll go to make my will to-morrow, as sure as the Lord lets me live and keep my senses. I'll make it to-morrow. Abner Abby was to be left without anything; and all to would be left to Abner, because I made my will, they say. Yes, I'll go to-morrow."

And then she felt more display hand under her cheek and went to sleep as a baby might. Soon her breathing grew long, and regular, and she could then, a strange sound was heard—creak, creak—and then a pause, and then creak, creak, creak, creak, creak.

It was the window in the outer room, slowly raised from without—slowly and heavily, for it had no spring—and, in a moment more, a bad, coarse face threw itself between the curtains and looked around the room.

Then a figure followed—a figure which had been crouched upon the little steel outside for two hours, and even on tiptoe to the bureau. It was looked, but the keys were where the fancied had seen Mrs. Gault put them, in the pocket, and the purse, and the watch and took them out. After that, it was easy to find the light key and to withdraw from their hiding place the pocket-book, the purse, the gold watch, a ring or two that Mrs. Gault possessed, a brooch and ear-rings, and a pair of gold spectacles. The task was completed deftly, as by a practiced hand, and then the thief tiptoed across the little room to the outer room, and made his way to the front door.

He was bad enough for anything; but he had glanced at the table but often enough to discover that Mrs. Gault still slept, and he was not a murderer. He had come to rob, and he had robbed her. There was no excitement in it, and even in his professional mind it was not regarded as remarkable.

There were ten chances to one that he would get down the front stairs, and out at the street door, without disturbing the old lady's slumbers.

But Fate has many cards. Sydney wake and the rattling of grass sometimes fall in her way. Her name was Matilda Jane, rare language her. It had fallen to the floor, and had twisted itself to and out between two chairs, and lying, in the darkness, unaware of this, the thief had put his foot in a trap and fell headlong to the floor.

He was a heavy man, and made a mighty crash, and a moment Mrs. Gault had started up in bed, and was struggling with all her might—

"Help! Help! Murder! Murder!"

The man, struggling to his feet, heard her; but he had not the bonne sense to run at that terrible fear.

"Help, neighbors, help!" she screamed again. "I've given up! I—oh, Sydney, help, help!"

The man was by her side and clutched her throat.

"Come away," he said, in a husky whisper. "I won't hurt you if you come away."

But Mrs. Gault was beside herself with terror. She did not understand the command of that strength by clinging to the window sill. She leaped out of bed and struggled with all her might—

"Help! Help! Murder! Murder!"

Then, with a fierce oath, the man struck her, and in a little while gave it up, found her fire for the night and left her. When she had said her prayers, and was cozy and warm, she began to think of Abner. How handsome he was growing, and how tall!

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CHAPTER IX.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE MURDER.

Mr. and Mrs. Bunn, coming home from the theatre after a pleasant comedy, were in a very cheerful mood. Mr. Bunn put his key in the door, and opened the door, and Mrs. Bunn ran in. It was dark; of course, and they laughed as they went up stairs over some misadventure of their past "courting days."

Then it was the opportunity to steal a kiss from me whenever we went up stairs in the dark," said Mrs. Bunn.

"I've a mind to do it again," said Mr. Bunn, and did it accordingly.

As he bent forward for the purpose he naturally caught at the bannister.

"Ah!" he said. "There's oil or something on the rail. I've put my hand in it."

"So have I," said Mrs. Bunn. "I'm glad I took my gloves off. I—oh, Sydney, oh, dear, I'm sure it's not oil."

"It's not oil," he cried Mr. Bunn.

"I don't know it's not," said Mrs. Bunn, "and I'm sure it's not any stains to a contracted way; flying when I had just opened the door, to keep from the fall behind, which is their absence of mind. Oh, Sydney, oh, my dear! I've stretched—I've—look, look, it is blood!"

She held up her hand, the palm covered with red stains, still wet and dripping.

"It's blood, sure enough," said Mr. Bunn, still puzzled. "Where did it come from?"

"Yes, where did it come from?" asked the wife, trembling. "I'm sure I have not hurt myself. Oh, Bunn, Bunn, Perhaps Abner—I pin to my dress may have scratched you."

"No, where did it come from?" asked the wife, trembling. "I'm sure I have not hurt myself. Oh, Bunn, Bunn, Perhaps Abner—I pin to my dress may have scratched you."

"Nonsense, Mrs. Bunn," said Mr. Bunn, sternly. "Come, Charlotte, let us look."

"I'm sure, Charlotte," he said, and they looked at it.

Mrs. Bunn and shrieks filled the air, and calls for help, heard farther than Mrs. Gault's had been. Doors had called neighbors' doors, and policemen's clubs were heard, and the horror of the deed was told to more and more people from late saloons and gambling places, and from belated lingering home from places of amusement. And in the little room where Abner's precious certificates was now the scene of what where the homely air-cushion had been flung, and the bloody dinner-stain, a hideous old-fashioned proud mixed looking down upon an object which from that time forward became also the room unlike all other rooms to any who had seen it before.

CHAPTER X.

THEY HAD GONE SOMEWHERE.

They had called Abner home from school, and brought him home to more, at the door of the bed where the nine-shrouded form had been placed. Now and then Mrs. Bunn tried to coax him to come away and eat and try to sleep, but he would not stir. Mr. Crab had himself walked over to the house, and had lifted Abner up in his own arms, and held his hands softly and kindly in his, and talked to him of doing as his friend would wish could see on him, and being courageous and manly, and trying to bear it. But the blow was locked at him mournfully, and closed again, and the face dropped and was hidden by the white hands. And Mrs. Crab knelt down beside him and spoke to him of God, and of how all things were for the best, and of praying and looking forward to a better world. But Abner only heard the words, and did not understand them as he would at another time. He knew they were trying to be kind to him, that was all.

And he kept standing near the poor body, looking at it for all Mrs. Bunn—quiet as though no violence had been used, and Mrs. Gault had died in her bed with her friends about her—Mr. Crab said to his wife:

"The bloodthirsty wretch! oh, the dead, thievy wretch! What must he have been to murder that good old woman?"

Abner started in his feet.

"Where is he?" he cried. "Please to tell me where he is—the man who killed her. I want to kill him. Oh, tell me; tell me."

"We don't know, my dear," said Mrs. Crab. "They are looking for him, and the law will punish him if he's found. God will, in His own good time, at all events. And we must not feel—"

But the good woman could not go on. She could only weep.

"Let me go and find him. Make them tell me," said Abner, in a suffocated voice. "Others can't feel as I do. You won't feel sorry for me. Nother than any real one, I believe. Never, never once—never angry. Oh, why did I have her to be killed. She was so good to me; oh, so good. She kissed me, and I thought of her dear boy, and she gave me a watch, and she looked after me down the street, nodding and smiling as she never will again—oh, never, never! and I left her to be killed. If I had stayed I would have saved her, no matter how many had come. Oh, why did I go?"

"My child, my child," said Mrs. Crab, "you could have done no good. They were a gang strong men, no doubt. They would only have killed you."

"That would have been better," said Abner; "a great deal better; even so much better; to be dead, and go to Heaven with her."

And he dropped to the floor again, moaning and sobbing as though his heart would break.

It was a terrible sight to see him; but no one could do anything to comfort him, and they felt that.

At ordinary times Mrs. Crab would have looked down a little on Mrs. Bunn, and Mrs. Bunn would have been disposed to look down a little in such a velvet cloak as that Mrs. Crab wore would be apt to take airs and think herself quite a plain mechanic's wife; but the excitement of the terrible event, and the sad circumstances of the child, made each forget anything but that and the sorrow.

"What is to be done?" asked Mrs. Crab. "Shall we send for anybody, or shall we wait till we were called to leave them, and by this time Mrs. Gault's boys willing to see something to do down, or have their mourning measured. It's such a dreadful responsibility, I declare, that child will starve, I know. He won't even take a cup of tea."

"He was so fond of her, and she of him," said Mrs. Bunn, "that I think they must be left alone together; and see her over either, you know, Mrs. Crab, and I'll go and get some tea. I really don't know, even if he'd quite willing."

"Oh, I'll see to my own tea," said Mrs. Crab. "I'm not going to starve myself, you know. I know how it would have felt to me, though if I had only one would old when I died. You know how I felt to my own son."

And I, too, said Mrs. Bunn, crying also; "though I was young when I lost her. And to think of the murderer out there, and of whether he will lose his senses. I feel wicked not to do more than we have spoken to you, or or detail, or come up stairs, or anything. And how will he bear the funeral? Oh, what's that?"

It was a knock on the door, and in a moment more the door itself opened, and two well-known persons—one the late neighbor's friend and neighbor, the barber, Mr. Parker, and one a lean old man, very much beat, who leant on a cane, and peered about him with a pair of keen gray eyes.

"Here you are, sir?" said Mrs. Bunn, nervously retreating. "I suppose you don't know what has happened, or you would not have come to crops on the door. There's—a death here."

"I know it," said the barber, in a low tone. "I've been to Mrs. Gault's house, and I've come to see the boy. Is he here?"

Mrs. Crab and Mrs. Bunn had stepped over the body.

"It's an old friend, my dear," he said, wiping his eyes, and speaking with his usual kindness. "It's me, Mr. Champs, you know. I don't know what to say to you, I'm sure. It's a terrible thing. Come sit on my knee, Aby."

"I won't sit on anybody," he said—"and Abner wasn't a better woman going; never wronged a human creature, and was a blessing to all about. I've known her off and on thirty years, and it's impossible to say what she was to me and to others come about. What did she ever come to this for, and such a good wicked city for, when she could would have hurt her where she lived so long, and was known and loved by everybody for miles? I'm told."

As near as the child can tell, there was two hundred dollars, and some silver, and a watch; and he'd have to go to jail, you know, if he won't much."

"It was a good deal," said the old man, speaking for the first time. "I can't bear to hear of money when there's a life of money. They'll be glad to lose. I hope you don't call it a small matter, Parker."

"Only compared with human life, sir," said the barber. "I don't consider it a dollar is worth thinking of now-a-days, and I'm sure—"

"Oh, I'm glad you don't," said the old man—"always worth thinking of. And now how was the watch found the funeral?"

"Why, Will Bunn, sir," said the barber. "He'll be the best one to tell you."

"Countersmand it, then, or give me the address, and I'll go and see him. I'll tell him all the use, I want to know, of wasting money so."

"Oh, I'll go, my dear," said Mrs. Bunn; "I'll go."

"I say my say first," said Mrs. Bunn; "I'll see what was respect paid to us, and I don't know that I'm very much interfere. Abner's the only mourner, and he will approve it when he's old enough to understand. He's no one's child, whatever their taste may be in relation to themselves."

"It's my affair, and nobody else's," said the old man. "Come, come, let's say affair, will I've been in it."

"And who are you, pray?" said Mrs. Bunn.

"Who be I?" squeaked the old man. "You'd better have asked that at first. Mr. Champs knows me. Tim Pettifoger Parker, first cousin and next of kin to the late deceased. That's what

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I am, and I kin prove it. First cousin to the late Mrs. Gantl, and next o' kin to her, and, in consequence, heir to every penny that she's left behind her. That's what I am, and I am determined nothin' shall be snatched."

CHAPTER XI.

PETTIBONE PIXLEY.

The two women looked at each other and at the boy when Pettibone Parker made this announcement, and the little fluttered well understood the glance.

"Mr. Parker tells ye the truth, ladies," he said. "He accordy to the next of kin, and, so he says, all the late lamented deceased has left will belong to him, unless, mark ye, the late deceased deceased has left a will. In that case, bein' a widder, there's nothin' legal prevents her widder's way of life, or, if she should see fit, her husband's choice. Now, I should say you're the widder to-day, for I'm sure you loved this here boy as well as if he'd been his own, and I'm sure he's loved you out of his own heart. What, I'm only other thing, don't neglect the matter o' her will, I—I think."

But Mr. Clemens was not so confident on this point as on the last, and old Parker chuckled and nodded in a well satisfied manner.

"Folks ain't so willing to make their wills," said he. "It seems like dyin', and dyin' like that has a little money laid by wants to die. I don't mind, and I shan't yet awhile, bein' an elderly. There are a great many older folks than I in this world, and like there's a fine bit o' death. It alat age, its fair. There's many Gault now—"

But just then Mrs. Crab, with a shocked face, lifted her hand and said, in a hushed voice:

"Gentlemen, I beg of you to remember that this is a solemn occasion"—and looked as if she were in the chamber of death. I cannot hear it described in any conversation. It is too acutely—it is not proper. If you desire to talk on such topics, there are other rooms in this house. Please leave the door, poor, dear soul, for the present, and remember how she would like others to behave when you come—as we all must—to be at rest."

"You're right, ma'am," said Mr. Clumpe. "It was only thinkings of Arp, poor fellow, that made me forget myself. Ah! yes, yes, we must all be the same dirt—the oldest first, the youngest last."

Herein is the place to say no stronger words. And as to the matter of the will, and the estate, its richest is nothing to old Pettibone Pixley accordy—it is not proper. If you desire to talk on such topics, there are other rooms in this house. Please leave the door, poor, dear soul, for the present, and remember how she would like others to behave when you come—as we all must—to be at rest."

"Remember," he said, "however it may be about the will, I am the nearest relation, and I say that I'll have no useless expense about the funeral. Arp'll be, on useless expense. Lookee, folks need money, dead ones don't. I'll give the proper orders, and condemned if any fellow comes that you women folks may have given, and I won't be interfered with—I won't. Head that, and remember it."

Mrs. Bunn turned a freshed and indignant face toward Mrs. Crab, and had hard work to restrain an angry gesture. Mrs. Crab nervously folded her plump hands at her feet.

"You are a relative, of course we leave everything to you," she said, and sailed from the room, followed by Mrs. Bunn.

In the little dining room the two women seated themselves, beside the bright, glowing stove, and talked the matter over. Mr. Crab, having peevishly entered to his neighbor's echoes.

"The old wretch," said Mrs. Bunn. "I'm in doubt he thinks that he can rob the poor child of every penny. If you think he can't, he'll be being adopted the same thing as being a person's own next. And if he would, I'm sure he's nothing could be taken from him. Isn't it, if you heard it?"

"I did," said Mrs. Crab, and "Oh!" and "Dear me!" on the subject. I think if Amber-Mere were regularly adopted, you know, it would be the same. But if she went through no legal process, why, probably matters would be different. I'll tell Mr. Crab, and perhaps the little boy who seems fondly to adore her could tell how that was."

"I hope it will right for the dear child," said Mrs. Bunn. "She loved him so; she was very fond of him; and he is a pretty child, and I guess he should have every penny when she died."

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Crab; "but then when we mean it not considered as legal as when we leave signed our names to it."

"I'll talk to that Mr. Clumpe," said the little hostess, "and ask him about the adoption."

And so she did at once.

Mr. Clumpe came into the back room with a very sardonic face, and answered in a way that did not make the women laugher.

Mrs. Gault had told every one that she had "regularly adopted the baby;" but she had considered that self-sufficient. Mr. Clumpe told her that she had done nothing more, and Mr. Clumpe only hoped that there was a will.

"For, ladies," he said, whispering behind his hand, with an old-womanish head, "Pey, hang, though I don't want to say a word against the gentleman in the other room, I'm afraid he'll be none too kind or generous; and law, you know, ladies, is law, and not justice, and he'll prove himself entitled to the property that way. Pettibone Pixley, Esquire, I'm sure."

Just then old Parker opened the door and looked in.

"Come in, if you're courting," he said, snappishly, and Mr. Clumpe arose and went towards the door. Then, as it was the nearest room to the hall at which he had been fully rallied, he turned his face toward the wall and fairly fell into tears.

"It comes across me like a flash," he said. "To think of it! the star was so kind and good in this place—the finest ever sit a show or a play or seen a dog or a cat—to be murdered! If I'd only been here. I think, honestly, I think that I'd have saved her from any man; I would, if I had died for it. If I'd been anywhere near, if I have heard her kind, good voice, and come to her, I would. I wonder I didn't—there I was, though it's miles and miles away, but I had and slept and dreamed. But the time I saw her she came to me in my little shop, and had a cup of tea with me, and talked of her friends, and her every hand a gentleman, and he'll be a credit and a blessing to you yet, I know you'll be proud to be dear, Mr. Clumpe.' Her very words, and she never spoke another. Oh, I'll not be a little man sobbed bitterly.

"You never could be blessed and her coffee," he said, "and her fried chicken. Many a day and night with her. Fancy one could have heard ages she, but I took for my own, for she was like the child. There is no more to the woman like her; that one died years ago. They were both beautiful, and she would have been bridesmaid to Polly that night. Then the little man wiped his eyes and turned towards Mrs. Bunn. "If you please, ma'am," he said, "I'd like to do one last thing for her. Let me dress her hair. I dressed it for her wedding, when it was brown and bright as pears, ma'am, and—I'd—feel—as—if I'd done something respectful—if I could."

Mrs. Bunn looked at Mrs. Crab, and she on to Mr. Clumpe, and the feeling that prompted the little barber's request.

"There can be no objection," she said, softly. "Dress your old friend's hair, Mr. Clumpe. This relative of hers can't object to that."

Unless he sends in his bill," said the old man, grimly, and then he felt his way blindly down to the barber's bright black eyes as he turned on Mrs. Bunn.

"I've got a bill out"—"I'll see ye all again. And I pray for holidays."

"I don't go to!" said Mrs. Crab. "If you're poor you would go with me. However, you shall not—and I say that positive," said Mrs. Bunn.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Bunn; "and if you'll stop and take tea I shall be very much pleased, I'm sure."

But Mrs. Crab could not. She had so much to attend to, and she only went into the deceased's room for a moment to kiss Abner, and say good-by to Amber-Mere before she went.

He was drowsy now—sleep was stealing over him.

"He'll be off by the time Mr. Bunn comes home, and he shall put him to bed and stare," said Mrs. B. "If we only knew what would be the end of all this for him, poor dear!"

"Ah, if we only knew," said Mrs. Crab; and she went home with a heavy heart, for in this time she had grown very fond of Abner, who was a favorite with everybody.

Mr. Bunn came home soon, and being a good-natured man, considered quietly in the "sitting" maid which took the place of dinner, because Mrs. Bunn had no mind to eat, and little Abner was asleep by this time, and he took his tea with a solemn air, and then, with a little brisk "pare bed-room," and left him there happily sleeping and all his woes forgotten. Then Mr. Bunn ate his meal heartily, and refused to be interested by Mrs. Bunn's suggestion that a beautiful way in which the barber had braided Mrs. Gault's hair.

He had been talking to a policeman on the street corner, and had heard the whole story. The murderer might soon be arrested. The watch had been found in the river. They were in a solid householder who had been known to the police for years, and who, it was said, could not know how he came by it.

"I think I would," said Mrs. Bunn. "It was a great deal better than nothing, and I suppose, now, I guess. And-oh, if I could, how glad I'd be! Oh, it, and one to the prisoner of—to the prison? Oh, if we only had not gone to the theater that night—if we had but stayed home."

Which is a good thing, seeing the murder has been done, that we were out," said Mr. Bunn, with his usual philosophy. "If we had been out as there; they might have gone and said we did it, and you know, Mrs. Bunn, you're a nervous boy for a few hundreds, and, like as not, you'd have fainted, and been taken up for a accessory."

But Mr. Bunn went on eating with his knife, and was astonished that his wife should not and say a word with him. Then he looked up, and found shock her with such dreadful ideas.

"Why, my dear," said Mr. Bunn, "you've heard it said four or five times to-day."

"What I said was," said Mrs. Bunn, drawing sympathies of hysterics.

"Why, my dear," said Mr. Bunn, "I was gohd yes were out; unless we could have saved her; and like, you'd—and—why you'd have fainted, walking on when they first hear a noise, and been bullering," nothing, and been listening, and making a noise about the room to find their own, and I'm sure I don't know. I'm sure I never would have been able just the same if I'd been there."

Mrs. Bunn went to sleep at last, after a talk with some neighbors who had come to help her watch the murderer apprehended, but Mr. Bunn soon went to bed. But, before he did, he went into the little sitting-room, and "set" alone, and covered him softly as a woman might, then seemed to be moved by some sudden impulse, and he stayed a way a tear, as he said to himself:

"Aye, poor boy; it's hard to lose a mother—but I could have stood it, and broken by. Mr. Bunn."

And then Mr. Bunn took a look at an old-fashioned bible lying on the parlor table, and, with a solemn face, and tried to see a like-ness in it, as he had seen in the old man's face, and went to bed.

The next morning Mrs. Bunn was awakened by a most unusual sound—the sound of a man's voice in the parlor. Mr. Bunn was talking to some one, and Mrs. Bunn sat up in bed and listened.

"Why, my dear," said Mr. Bunn,

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"And pressing it warmly, with much emotion he said:

"Thank you, Aunt Chloe; but I am glad to see that you are not the only one who has borne the bullies to think as you do; I am tired of the charge, and I have not a moment's rest. I came here to ask you how your poor boy is this morning. Have you seen her lately?"

"Do you mean how I am sick, Aunt Chloe, or how Mrs. Hastings bears all this earthquake?"

"Oh, the worst off in her sustaining instances, I take to say, for I was up by her till most day. I closed her with tenacity and tedious mixed drinks, or she's downright beautiful now. I, my wife I could sleep too, for I feel awful tenacity to-night, but there's no sense to look well and I must have a quiet all the time."

Dunham stopped to take a salutatory segment, reaching the use of the carriage, not old to his interest. He whistled gayly as he arrived to cross of the last sixteen hours, and settled into a train of action for the future. How he was to slay his sister's suspicions of Nina, or how he was to come the alleged passage had to pursue, he was at a loss to determine.

The sunbeams given him under such painful circumstances he must be cleared; yet yet was essential imperative that he should impart it to Mrs. Hastings. He would, himself, procure and the conviction in her mind that Miss Gordon had had a quarrel with Gentleman Dunham finally decided that he must be guided principles; and he must not be under the least trouble to her belief of Nina's guilt, there would be no alternative but to disclose to her mother a sight of secrecy what had that morning been vested to Dunham.

As soon as the servants' duties thoroughly in a measure, and had been dispatched to Annie, Mrs. Hastings's door was flung open to Gentleman Dunham, who immediately inquiring for her niece.

Annie, in her arms around him, and, holding herself tightly to her bosom, she wept bitterly for several moments. Regaining control of her emotions, she said:

"Oh, my darling brother, I have you safe at last, and I should be happy, if it were not for that you are now free to do what is necessary for the vindication of your character in the world the real criminal. The more I think of Gordon's flight, the more I am sure he deeply am I convinced that I have found it right clue. But where is Nina? Have you seen her, or shall we, they?"

"Hush, dear! I must now, Annie. There is no object to settle what shall be done. For Nina's safety and my own I must keep her. He told him off from herself, and looked intensely in the heart, as she earnestly said:

"If anything is to be accomplished, we must have nothing of concealment. I feel sure that no relation will allow you the necessity of Nina's flight, but I had every reason for not saying, and I will not say any more about it now. Let us go to mamma together, for she is sending some time for your return. Come dear, and we'll be in presently."

He walked beside her, and they hastened to Mrs. Hastings's room. Have you yet sometime to tell me?" he asked, as they walked along.

"Yes, I have; but Gordon's in dead, and hours since I believed possible. Come into my room, and I will tell you all. It is a long statement thing that has ever come to my knowledge."

She then were in her chamber, and Mrs. Hastings was sitting up in bed, with a cup of tea in her hand.

"Frame incomprehensible means, Inez has some years of Godfrey's murder, and on coming to the city she was so anxious to see him, and herself as having committed it. At last I was successful, and even after that she kept her escaped from the house in the night, and her story is extraordinary, while I will tell you in a few words. But a mummery's office for a moment."

She then went to her chamber, and Mrs. Hastings, who had heard her story, was sitting up in bed.

"Annie, I have not been myself to-day, and I am sure you will, Aunt Chloe," she said, "I am so happy now that she was after, dearest Dunham, with deep sorrow she heard of my incredulity this morning, deeply impressed him.

"She saw it imperfectly at the moment the pistol was raised. She says that he was filled with singular light eyes, that flashed as with phosphorescent fire as the glare of a moonlight long limb fell upon them. Does not that description apply well to Gordon's appearance at that time? We must look for the solution of last night's work. I am more determined than ever on having her steps followed from the hour of her arrival in Waukesha till she died was accomplished. She must have obtained her daguerreotype there, and she clerk in the store the things came from will be likely to remember the fact of a young girl purchasing a valuable daguerreotype. If her beauty made its usual impression, he will be able to describe her."

Dunham changed color, and looked so uneasy that his sister exclaimed:

"I do believe, Guy, that you are afraid even a confirmation of my suspicions! Are you not? You look very strangely."

"Don't, Nell, I am tired, and I begin to feel very hungry, for I have scarcely touched food since this time yesterday."

"Poor fellow! no wonder you are hungry. I have ordered some broiled oysters for you, particularly like, and you shall have a fine cup of coffee afterward. Ring can mother."

"Will Miss Lopez be well enough to appear at the table? I ought to see her."

"No—I shall send her dinner in to her; but after we have dined, I will accompany you. But what do you think? I can't imagine how her mother's presence in the house could affect her, but somehow I could not resist her pantaloons entreaties to take her to Waukesha. I am may look once more on poor Godfrey. I see, Dunham, that you are going to ask me to agree to such a thing; but if you had seen the poor girl, and heard her story, you could no more have resisted her than I did."

Dunham pressed her hand.

"My dear Anne, I am really shocked at the thought of Miss Lopez going to the scene of the scene, after all the family have gone through with. You must have been overwhelmed with your mother."

"I am sure that Inez will not be offended. She is quite composed now, speaks as rationally as you or I. She has suffered so much that she can now only be soothed or disturbed by my act so here, and I think I can trust her. She is the deepest power of self-control for one so young and she is very fond of me. I am sure she considers Guy, for I could not answer for the consequences, if she were disappointed in me."

"For worse consequences may follow. What if she should tell her mother? Better what a line person in the world to be. She may be useless, and the cries that destroyed me in the eyes of the and— Dear sister, pray do not trust her. Let her go to her mother. Her weakness is her to win to engage herself to such an ordeal as you to expose herself to such an ordeal as you propose. Dearest sister, I implore you!"

"If you continue to have grim and self-possessed look, I shall have her my promise, you would think differently. I shall be by the side of the door of the place she had so lately visited, to assist her. Come, Guy, I am waiting."

The two ladies moved silently forward, and Dunham followed them. Gentleman sat down the hall reading, and after Mrs. Langley had been informed of the new order in the house, then to the door of the room in which the body of Godfrey lay.

On their entrance, another young man was discovered sitting by the side of the bed, and the two gentlemen left the apartment together, closing the door behind them.

On a couch draped with white, Godfrey lay in his shroud, and a sprig of myrtle, and, as Dunham looked upon the noble features of the face, and there was a sternness of repose, and a dignity about him as a Roman senator, he could not but feel that the world had lost a man. Gentleman Godfrey had stood high as a man of intellect, and his death was a loss to society.

Dunham gazed upon the features of his friend, and how long before we set out on our journey, and how long before we get back? I shall not take the responsibility of having the poor girl's remains stand beside Godfrey once more; to pray over him for the recovery of his soul, and he should be ready for the flit that awaits me. I shall find my own way to Waukesha, and I shall not have the refuge that is always open to those of my faith. I have spoke, dear, and I will not do that."

Mrs. Langley looked almost with reverence on the saintly repose of the face she had once known bright with animation, and her features glowing with the love that had been so cruelly slighted. Gentleman Godfrey was indeed a changed pale brow, gently said:

"You are alone and angel now, Inez, and all the vows you could take would scarcely make a more solemn impression than they do."

"I shall not take the vows that bind a nun, because in doing so I would renounce my control of my property, and I wish to retain that as a means of doing good. But the duties of a sister-hood I can pass into after hands than mine, but my heart must have some object to love, and I will myself without one; so I shall be not a nun but a sister of charity in the world works. If I have failed to find happiness in others, and cause the mantling of my heart to flow, I am doing so I do not despair of finding it in the exercise of charity."

Mrs. Langley pressed her hand, and after a pause said:

"My brother has some doubts about the propriety of this visit, Inez. He fears that you have certain suspicions which will be set at rest, he thinks, with certainty. Are you quite sure that your mind is not prejudiced against you when the fatal comes? It will be very painful to you to see the corpse of one you have loved."

"It would be far more painful to let them bury him out of my sight without looking on him once more. If I did not feel sure that I can express every soothic expression of anguish, I would not ask you to take me to him. Dear Mrs. Langley, I have your promise, and you cannot, you dare not break it in so perfect a crisis as I am. I have so yearned to look upon Godfrey's face once more, that even a sight of his cold and senseless clay will be precious to me. I know that the spirit which alone throws it has gone to another world, where he will much say coming; for there is passed away all time I shall be re-united to my loved and lost one."

As Mrs. Markland listened to these words, a strange stillness came over her lately turbulent heart. For the first time, a ray of consolation penetrated the darkness around, and she laid down upon the shoulder of Inez and shed the tears which had hitherto refused as fall.

A full length found voice to say:

"God has sent a comforter to me in the person of the last one I could have expected to grieve with. Inez, stay with me; be my daughter, and on you I will invoke the affection I have hitherto given my lost one. I shall love you because he did."

Inez tenderly kissed her brow and softly said:

"I will call you mother, if you will permit me to do so, and I will cherish for you the reverence of a child for a parent, but I cannot remain with you. My duties call me elsewhere. I must seek any change as will conserve the pain from me, not bind me more closely to it. Adieu, madam. I am glad that we have met, but it is for the first and last time. Our paths cannot be the same, though we are linked together by the sad memory of him who is gone. Much as he was to you, he was even more to me; but in the consciousness that he is safe in the better land, I give him up to the ministrations of the angels that wait about the throne of God forever. Kiss me again, mother of my spirit's bridegroom, and let me go upon my lonely way."

Awed and subdued, Mrs. Markland pressed her lips to those of Inez. The pale girl stood a moment by the dead, with her hands folded, looked together, and her eyes fixed upon his features, and then, with a deep sigh, turned upon her monotony.

Suddenly turned away, took the offered arm of Mrs. Langley, and moved from the room with her companion.

They found the gentlemen up the spot on which they had left, and, without uttering a word, the two ladies retreated to adjoining.

Dunham looked inquiringly at his sister for approval, and he came to the conclusion that it was best to leave the ladies to themselves. As he seated himself to adjust the arrangements of the funeral, Gentleman reassumed him as to what had happened in the morning.

The thought of the poor girl seemed to have haunted her, for she looked frightened when she saw him, and when Mrs. Perkins came to meet her, she said, in a hurried manner:

"Mrs. Langley closely followed them, and absorbed some restorative drops which she found in her mother's room. She was in the act of preparing a few words of tender encouragement, as well for she saw the former of what had happened of the strange scene that had brought about the fatal delay of Perkins.

She ended her recital by saying:

"We are now about—entertaining anguish unnerves' and if one ever assumed mortal form, it is in the person of Miss Lopez. I have never seen such tenderness and firmness in any creature as she displayed. She was inconsolable at first when her self-control, and then, with the sweetness of a child, she was ready to soothe her, and agonized. "I said what I could to soothe her, but I scarcely knew what I said."

"No wonder, when she is the real heroine of the whole affair. But the sacred love for her own wishes, and comfort her mother, Godfrey would now be living, and Nina, instead of a miserable outcast, would repose upon him; and that wretched girl would not have been driven to the verge of despair upon him. Guy, I must tell you that Miss Lopez was formed the house at Waukesha, Inez refused to pass over the spot on which the body of Godfrey had fallen, and, in the agitation of the moment, she must have recognized her."

Dunham looked surprised regarded him, and she slowly said:

"It was the second time to-day that I have remarked this unwillingness to suspect Miss Lopez. You would think that I believe her to be guilty. If she is not so, think what such an accusation would be to her! I would not suspect her blight her life. Do not ask me to take any steps against her, for I would not be the instrument of doing so. Since we talked together this morning, I have decided that it will be impossible to attempt it."

Mrs. Langley listened with bewildered surprise, and she decisively replied:

"I cannot agree to do this much justice to yourself, from an absurd feeling of overdelicacy toward Gordon's murderer, I shall myself take the necessary steps to convince the world of her innocence. Dearest Dunham, I cannot understand such a disguise, that is no proof that Nina was guilty. I shall adhere to my own opinion, and I warn you that I shall set upon it the seal of publicity. You are too much involved in the affair, I will go to Stockton and inquire in person into the case. If a young girl was arrested for her description purchased a suit of gray clothes, I will find it out. Is not that a sufficient description?"

Dunham seriously replied:

"My dear sister, I entreat that you will do no such thing. Let the matter live down the charges against me can be instantaneously disproved. This young girl whose criminal friendship, even if she is guilty—"

"Do I hear right?" she exclaimed. "Is it Guy Dunham who says of her, he utter, to permit him to bear the guilt of this fearful crime, when I am in the power for the clue to its perpetrator? Hold to my hand sister, or your own existence, to Why should you shield a creature who mercilessly perpetrated—What murderer pronounce you, Guy, to do as I now do you did just now?"

He took her hand in his own and gravely said:

"Annie, it is the desire to spare others, not to save Miss Gordon, that prompts me to declare that nothing shall induce me to point her out as the criminal, nor shall you do it with my consent."

"Others?—what others? Are you losing your senses, Guy? So far as I know anything about this girl she has no one to mourn over her hopes from the right. She stands alone in the world, and that of herself would have preceded her from me if your good name were not so deeply implicated. I shall not wait for your consent, I shall immediately telegraph to New Orleans to have her arrested on her arrival there, and brought back here for examination."

"Oh! Annie, Annie, will nothing make you listen to reason?" asked Dunham, in great agitation. "For God's sake, do nothing of the kind. It will lead to such ruin and misery to those we love and respect, as you cannot even imagine."

Completely mystified, Mrs. Langley gazed at him a few moments in silence, and then quietly said:

"There is something beneath this that I do not understand. You can scarcely mean for a girl, yet are trembling with agitation at the threat of her arrest. What is she to Mr. Hastings, and what confidence has he given you concerning her?"

"Why should you suppose that he has given me any?" he gravely replied.

"My instinct tells me that he has, and it refers it as fact. Dear Guy, you must tell me, for as a reason for exercising her, you know that you have a right to. Can I and must now ask you what we stand on."

There is a reason, Annie, but I scarcely feel justified in revealing it to you. Can you not be satisfied with the assurance that it is necessary to spare Miss Gordon?"

"No—I cannot, and will not. What you, in your unselfish disregard of your own interests, may consider necessary enough to spare her, I may regard as totally unnecessary. Guy, I will not be trifled with. You will tell me, I am willing to listen reluctantly to give the matter up, and I will pledge you my word that the confidence shall be held sacred from the knowledge of others."

Dunham reluctantly replied:

"There seems to be no alternative left me. I do not see how you will accept as an excuse to betray what I must confess to you, Annie, for in so doing, you may involve the innocent. I give to those whom you have long regarded as the truth. Gordon's flight. Come near to me, and let me whisper in your ear the secret confided to me by Mr. Hastings this morning, that the strength of emotion so moved me to the depths of my heart that I have not yet told you, it would never have breathed it to mortal ears."

Mrs. Langley listened, and, when Dunham had changed color as the words left his lips and looked around, as if expecting to see the accusation and dismay. At length she found voice to say:

"It is incredible! His daughter! Mr. Hastings will be to bring her household to ruin, without letting her know in what danger she was living. I am not surprised by every one to! I can hardly believe it myself. Poor Inez! poor Mrs. Hastings! poor Nina! poor—poor—poor unhappy!"

"It is but too natural that Nina's misfortunes should be the source he took, but he has been too bitterly punished for his sin to be visited with anger from him. Annie, I declare to you that I am glad to find that the secret of his connection has never moved my heart to the wretched perhaps; but he is utterly broken down by the consciousness of the wrong he has done, and he has tried to throw the first stone at him. I had rather bear your suspicions a man dying to be, than clear myself by exposing the dishonor of another. Annie, I trust to you to be silent. Mr. Hastings believes as you do, that Nina committed the murder, and, in his unconscious and her sister, Surely that is punishment enough for her crime."

Dunham anxiously regarded her, but Mrs. Langley relieved him from by giving a gloomy assent:

"I see—I comprehend that you must permit her to escape for the sake of those so nearly connected with her, and who would suffer from exposure. Mrs. Hastings would never forgive you for having placed her in such a position. She would separate from him, and Nina would be driven to despair. I will not be willing to save your fair name from being involved in the mystery of it were you have been accused. Yes, Guy, I will be silent. I will not be cruel to my neighbor without knowing to say, but I will not be cruel to my self. I bear yourself in guilding the dead that I will not be cruel to my self. I bear yourself in guilding the dead that I will not be cruel to my self. I bear yourself in guilding the dead that

MY NEWFOUNDLANDER.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

I have a friend as true to me
As steel is to the star at sea;
  You may have wiser, older, grander,
A braver there can never be
  Than "Watch," my faithful Newfoundlander!

He seems half-human, and his pride
Is, to sit closely at my side.
  Whatever fate shall overtake me,
Or changing fortune may betide,
  I know he never will forsake me.

The price of gold and stocks may rise
Or fall, and I may be unwise,
  And lose the earnings of my labor;
But he will not avert his eyes,
  When I am cut by my rich neighbor.

He humors every freak and whim,
No slight is personal to him,
  For well he understands his master;
His instinct is like reason dim—
  His loss would be my sad disaster.

Now he who strikes my dog strikes me,
And I will his avenger be,
  Although I am no quarrel seeker;
But when a friend is dumb, you see
  He needs some one to be his speaker.

Why, he would risk his life for mine,
And suffer wounds and never whine,
  In any contest sharp and gory;
A word, a look, a smile of mine,
  Would be his oriflamme of glory.

My door-mat is his chosen bed,
He picks his bone and sleeps when fed,
  He finds no fault with fare or wages;
Well has the proverb-maker said—
  A sentence that survives the ages:

"He that shall find a friend as true
And faithful as a dog, should do
  His utmost and his best endeavor
To praise him high the wide world through;
  For fame is friendship's due forever.

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.
No. XXXI.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

A CHAPTER OF ADVENTURES.

For the first two weeks spent beneath Hassan's roof Fiddy and I managed to pass the time quite comfortably; but after that we began to be anxious and uneasy. We had been into the city several times in company with Ali, and one day, towards the end of our third week, while alone at the cot, we concluded to go in alone. There could be no danger, we thought, in taking a stroll through that part of the city away from the British quarters, and we finally concluded to go; and, as we had done on former occasions when addressed by strangers, we could play "deaf and dumb." At the gate we were hailed by one of the guard, but a few signs from Fiddy made things all right, and we were suffered to pass on. We had wandered about through the narrow, filthy streets a couple of hours, or so, when our attention was at length attracted by a crowd of men and boys assembled near a corner by an open square in which stood a small mosque. We pushed on into the crowd, and found the object of interest to be a man standing up against the post of a shop-door. He seemed to be in great pain, for his features were horribly contorted, and he groaned audibly; and ever and anon an egg, or a rotten pomegranate, would be hurled upon him. I noticed two soldiers standing near by, who seemed to be watching him.

Upon working our way to the front we discovered the secret of the man's agony. In the first place, he was standing upon "tip-toe," which is not a pleasant position, especially when one is forced long to maintain it. And in the second place, we discovered that the man's right ear was nailed to the door-post! It was a curious sight, truly; and so indicrous was the whole thing that I could not help smiling in spite of the pain which I knew the wretch must be suffering. He had been placed with his back against the post, and then lifted upon his toes, and in this position his right ear had been firmly transfixed with a small iron spike. The man could lower himself upon the soles of his feet if he pleased, but the rest thus gained would cost him a slit in the ear.

"Good gracious, Beck., what d'ye s'pose that chap's nailed up in that fashion for?"

"He has been selling sugar by false weights," said a man who stood directly behind us. "That's his shop, and that's the way the Prefect has ordered him to be punished."

We turned, and beheld an Englishman, clad in an ordinary citizen's dress; and he seemed as much surprised upon beholding our faces as we were troubled upon beholding him.

"Eh!" he cried, "aren't you English?"

"*Bah zibbee swarzah abbah!* No Anglaise we!" returned Fiddy. "Speakee leetle—not mooch. Sailee ze felucca to ze Geebraltare, two—six—hundred times!"

I then caught Fiddy by the arm, and in a hurried manner rattled off two or three phrases which I had gained from Ali and Hassan, at the same time pulling him away as though he was wanted elsewhere. The Englishman gazed after us with a dubious expression, and I could plainly see that he was far from being satisfied. As soon as we got clear from the crowd we concluded that our safest course, under the circumstances, would be to hurry home.

On the next day Ali went into the city and hung around the quarters of the English consul until he discovered that there was preparation on foot for searching for two English deserters. At that time, be it understood, men were much needed in the British navy, and deserters therefrom were hunted down, if possible, regardless of expense, for money was more easily procured than were seamen.

The seventh day of December came on Saturday. Hassan, with two of his companions, had gone to Gibraltar, and we were expecting them back that evening; but as the day was dark and drizzly, we hardly thought they would come. Just at dark, however, their small felucca came to anchor close in shore, and Hassan was soon with us; and he brought a piece of intelligence that caused our hearts to leap for joy. There was an American ship at Gibraltar, and she would pass out on the morrow. Hassan had seen the Moorish fruit-seller, and all was right. The latter person had visited the ship, and the captain had promised to heave-to off Tangier and take us on board. He not only expressed himself as anxious to serve us, but he sadly needed men. A British sloop-of-war at Palermo had seized four of his best hands, claiming them as deserters, and if he could have the assistance of two Yankee sailors for his home voyage, he would go some distance out of his way to get them.

That night we turned in with light hearts, and I can assure you we slept but little. I was awake when the first peep of dawn broke through the brown leaves of the vine that crept up over our little open windows, and just as we got up from our mattress I heard the tramp of many feet in the yard, and presently I heard the hum of voices. In a few moments Ali entered our apartment, and by the dim light I could distinguish that he was trembling with apprehension.

"Brothers," he said, "there are a lot of British soldiers below, and they swear that there are two deserters in this house! They are now talking with Hassan, and he cannot prevent them from searching the premises. God is great; but how shall he aid us now?"

He pressed his hand upon his brow, and remained thus for several moments; and while he was thinking I heard the voice of the officer who commanded the squad, and these were the words I heard him speak:

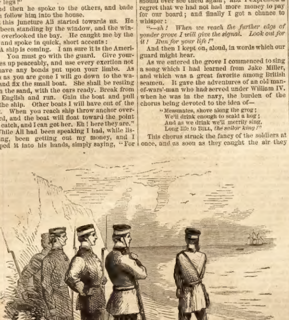
"Look to the windows, and if they attempt to escape by that way, shoot them down. Fire at their legs!"

And then he spoke to the others, and bade them follow him into the house.

At this juncture Ali started towards us. He had been standing by the window, and the window overlooked the bay. He caught me by the arm and spoke in quick, short accents:

"A ship is coming. I am sure it is the American. You must go with the guard. Give yourselves up peaceably, and use every exertion not to have any bonds put upon your limbs. As soon as you are gone I will go down to the water and fix the small boat. She shall be resting upon the sand, with the oars ready. Break from the English and run. Gain the boat and pull for the ship. Other boats I will have out of the way. When you reach ship throw anchor overboard, and the boat will float toward the point and catch, and I can get her. Eh! here they are."

While Ali had been speaking I had, while listening, been getting out my money, and I slipped it into his hands, simply saying, "For Hassan." He understood me, and put it into his pocket; and in a moment more the door was pushed open and a sergeant of infantry, with two privates, entered. We rubbed our eyes, as though just getting up, and Ali spoke to them in his own tongue. The sergeant uttered an oath, and told him to talk English. But one of his privates, a keen-eyed Irishman, was more witty than he.



"Hould on, Sergeant. Here's yer Englishman. Just take a peep at his mug. Och, by the holy piper, but it's an illegant face inthirely."

He had placed his hand upon my shoulder, and was regarding me with a comical expression. A moment's reflection, and my resolution was taken. I simply knew that our disguise would not bear a moment's close scrutiny. The color upon our faces must have been in patches from the rain to which we had been exposed on the previous evening; and then our features could not pass muster for anything but pure Norman or Anglo-Saxon. I spoke frankly, and in good humor, though God knows there was a heavy load at my heart.

"Well, well, mates, there is no use in denying the truth, but I give you my word that we are not deserters. We were cast upon the shore in the night, and have only been waiting for an opportunity to get off in a merchant vessel, for we belong to that service; and we assumed this disguise in order that we might not be impressed into the navy, for I give you my word of honor that we do not belong there."

"You'll have to go to the consul's with us," said the sergeant.

"I suppose there's no help for it now," I returned, "but I hope we shall be allowed to go free when we convince the consul that we are honestly and truly merchant-men."

The officer laughed, and said he had no doubt that we should be set free. He was very pleasant and agreeable, and showed no disposition to be rough. He had evidently expected to have a tussle, and when he found that every thing promised to be smooth and easy, he was happily disappointed, and his feelings towards us were influenced accordingly. He asked us if we would go with him, and, upon our answering in the affirmative, he led us down the ladder and out into the yard, where he gathered his force—which amounted to six men, besides himself.

When we were ready to start, the sergeant walked by my side; the Irishman kept Fiddy company; while the others brought up the rear.

"Hold on!" cried Ali. "Have you got your book?"

I told him I had; but, the moment the reply had passed my lips, I saw that he only sought an opportunity to speak with me.

"Have you any money?" he asked.

"Not a penny," said I.

"Then take this half-crown. You have paid us more than enough for your lodging."

He advanced, and placed a half-crown in my hand, hurriedly whispering as he did so:

"*In ten minutes the boat will be ready!*"

He added a few words of cheer for the soldiers to hear, and then we left the yard. As we passed out from the orange-grove, I looked out into the bay and saw a ship standing in towards the shore. She had a small ensign at the peak, and by-and-by it blew out so that I could distinguish the glorious Stars-and-Stripes of my native land. Oh, how my heart bounded under the influence of the spell! I felt in my very bones that, when the time should come, I could break away from a score of soldiers.

It was very soon evident that our attendants had not the most remote idea that we thought of giving them the slip. They allowed us to walk as we pleased, and if the sergeant remained close by my side, it was only for the purpose of conversing with me upon general topics.

At the distance of little over a mile from the fisherman's hamlet there was a grove of dates and palms, through which the path ran; and it was my plan that we would break from our guard near the eastern confine of that thicket; for by that means we should have a distance of at least forty rods to run under cover, so that the soldiers could have no good opportunity to bring their muskets to bear upon us. They would have to start to run after us; and I knew they could not, in that grove, take aim at us while running. And, furthermore, as our attendants were loaded down with their accoutrements, we should have a great advantage over them in flight. And even allowing that they should throw away their muskets, and knapsacks, and belts, their clumsy uniforms would so far interfere with a free use of their limbs that we could easily outrun them.

Of course it was necessary that I should have an understanding with Fiddy, and to this end I embraced the first opportunity to direct my conversation to him. I spoke to him of the kindness of the fishermen; and wondered if we should ever see them again; and I expressed a regret that we had not had more money to pay for our board; and finally I got a chance to whisper:

"*—sh! When we reach the further edge of yonder grove I will give the signal. Look out for it! Run for your life!*"

And then I kept on, aloud, in words which our guard might hear.

As we entered the grove I commenced to sing a song which I had learned from Jake Miller, and which was a great favorite among British seamen. It gave the adventures of an old man-of-wars'-man who had served under William IV. when he was in the navy, the burden of the chorus being devoted to the idea of—

"Messmates, shove along the grog;
We'll drink enough to scald a hog;
And as we drink we'll merrily sing,
Long life to BILL, *the sailor king!*"

This chorus struck the fancy of the soldiers at once, and as soon as they caught the air they joined in with a will. There were some ten or twelve verses to the song, and I had made four more for Jake's particular benefit; so that by the time the song was concluded we had come very near to the eastern edge of the grove; and as good fortune would have it, we found, by the side of the path, and growing in among the trees, a lot of bushes bearing a berry called by the fishermen "wild dates," though they were more like a small sweet pear, or fig, than like a date. However, they were very pleasant to eat, and especially so as the lateness of the season had allowed them to become thoroughly ripe.

I suggested the idea of picking a few of the berries, and the soldiers seemed to like it. The song had pleased them, and the fact that they had been able to help on with the chorus had served to put them on excellent good terms with themselves. I picked, and eat, and praised the berries; and as soon as the soldiers had tasted of them, and had been assured that they were not in anyway poison, they went in with a will. Without any extra effort I contrived to get the guard all ahead of me, and to draw Fiddy to my side. In a little while the sergeant was far in among the palms, where the berries were thick, and his companions had entirely forgotten that they had any other responsibility than to follow him. I caught Fiddy's eye and placed my finger upon my lips. Slowly and noiselessly we crept backward—back—back—until a turn in the path hid our captors from sight,—and then we leaped away. The extraordinary good fortune which had attended us thus far served to lighten our limbs and our hearts, and we sped along as though wings were lifting us clear of the earth. For my own part there were times when it did not seem as though my feet touched the ground at all, so swiftly did I fly, and so lightly fell my feet upon the sandy sward.

At length I heard the note of alarm—the voice of the sergeant calling for his prisoners,—but, mercy! we were almost beyond musket-shot. Aye—I should not have trembled an atom had I known that the whole squad were taking deliberate aim at that distance; and when I remembered that an eighth of a mile of thicket lay between them and us, I only laughed and shouted to Fiddy in my joy. We did not strike towards the fisher's cot, because that might have compromised our friends; but we kept directly down towards the shore. As we came out from the thicket we saw the American ship just laying her maintopsail aback, and upon the beach we saw the boat. On we sped, and when we had reached a point at least half a mile from the grove we saw our sergeant and his guard emerging therefrom. There was not much need of over-exertion; but still we thought it a good plan to keep out of the reach of British bullets, so we kept on at the top of our speed, our pursuers having started at full tilt after us.

There is no rise and fall of tide upon those shores, so Ali had left the light skiff where we could push it off with little trouble, and as soon as we reached it we ran it into the water; then jumped in; seized the oars; and were quickly pulling for the ship. The change from running to pulling an oar called a new set of muscles into play, so that we were almost as good as new, and when the soldiers reached the water's edge we were entirely out of harm's way.

We pulled alongside the ship, and were greeted with the cheerful hail of our own countrymen. A line was thrown to us from the gangway, and as soon as Fiddy had secured it I lifted the light anchor from the bows of our boat and threw it overboard. There were at least ten fathoms of line attached to it, and I knew that if the current swept the little craft towards the point, the anchor would bring her up, so that Ali and Hassan could go out and get her.

Once more upon the deck of an American ship! Once more surrounded by countrymen! I pointed to the soldiers who still stood upon the shore, and the captain, comprehending the whole matter, gave the order for filling away, and ere long we were moving towards the broad Atlantic. From the disappointed sergeant and his squad I turned my gaze upon the fisher's cot, and I plainly saw a white flag waved from the window of the apartment we had occupied. I waved my kerchief in return, and as, at length, I was being borne from the scene, and the last angle of the humble cot faded out in the distance, I turned my thoughts heavenward, and fervently prayed that God would bless the true friends we were leaving, perhaps never to meet again on earth!

WHO SHALL DECIDE WHEN DOCTOR'S DISAGREE.

Here lie two letters on my desk, from strangers, regarding a late article of mine in the *Ledger*. One warmly endorses the sentiments therein expressed, and calls upon "God to bless me" for their expression. The other dissents entirely, and commends me to the notice of a *far different Power*, for disseminating such wrong-headed notions. Thank you both! I am used to both styles of epistles. There's nothing I contend for more than individuality of opinion; this would be a stupid world enough if we all thought, felt, and acted after one universal programme; every body must see things from their own stand-point and through their own spectacles; and, provided they use civil language, should "have the floor" in turn to air their ideas. It might be well to suggest that, in commenting on a newspaper article, care should be taken that it be first thoroughly read, that the writer's meaning be not misinterpreted; if this were done in many cases, the foundation for an adverse opinion would be quite knocked from under. Authors must expect the penalties as well as the rewards of their labors; but one of the most trying is to be accused of sentiments and feelings which they hold in utter abhorrence. Still, he would make small progress on a journey, who should stop to hurl a stone at every barking creature at his heels; therefore, in such cases, let patience have her perfect work, and let the victim keep steadily moving on, with an eye fixed upon the goal in the distance. But when you have unintentionally wounded a gentle spirit, which grieves all the more because it conscientiously believes that you have done harm, ah! then, none would be sorrier than the present writer; none would go farther to soothe the hurt; none would try harder to agree in opinion, consistently with self-respect. But if every writer stopped to consider whether his readers would be pleased, or the contrary, with his sentiments, instead of busying himself with the subject on hand for the moment, it would be like the clouding in of the sun on a clear morning. Everything would be reduced to one colorless level. The bright tints taken away, made brighter by the sometime shadows, could give a landscape tame enough, spiritless enough, to engender hypochondria. Surely the world of to-day is more liberal than this. Surely it is learning "to agree to differ." Surely it knows by this time that a good life, is of more importance than creeds or beliefs. Surely in this year of our Lord, 1867, the days of the Inquisition are past both for editors and writers, and the watch-word of to-day—and, thank God, for to-morrow, and the day after—is progress, not paralysis.

Having said this, I consider that I have cleared the deck for action, as far as my own ship is concerned. A stray shot won't frighten or discourage me; on the contrary, it only makes me step round the livelier, to see that my guns are in working order. Then, again, any one who wishes to hail me, and haul alongside in a friendly manner, shall be always certain of a kind salute from FANNY FERN.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MT. HOLYOKE.—When a young lady finds the rules of a seminary which she is attending, "intolerable," and resolves that, come what will, she "will not submit to the odious and stupid tyranny," it is time for her to quit the school and seek instruction elsewhere. No pupil can be allowed to determine what rules are proper or improper, tolerable or intolerable, so long as she intends to remain and does remain in an institution. The only prerogative which she has a right to exercise is that of obedience; and, if she cannot obey, then she should leave. In the case you mention, your uncurbed and undisciplined passions have led you astray. If you had been properly governed at home and made to know your place, as you should have been, you would have none of the difficulties which now assail you. The best thing you can now do is to set about reforming your temper and your conduct, else you will have a miserable life of it clear to your death-bed.

JERUSHA.—It is a pretty well authenticated fact that one can live in Europe for much less than it costs to live in the United States. Many who have tried it say that they can live in France, Switzerland, Germany or Italy for from two-thirds to one-half what it costs them to live at home, and that they get far more comfort, besides, out of their foreign than they can extract out of their home living. Others, again, who have tried the experiment, say that although the cost of living is far less in Europe than in the United States, yet that the many discomforts attendant upon a foreign residence more than counterbalance the saving in cost. In such matters, the only way that one can arrive at a satisfactory conclusion is to try the experiment for himself.

E. B.—In reading, for the purpose of acquiring such knowledge as will enable you to shine in conversation, hardly anything in the way of history, biography and current literature will come amiss. The great point is to digest what you read so thoroughly as to make it a part of the very warp and woof of your mind—so it will become ripe and mellow, and completely at your command. A mass of mere undigested "cram" is of very little use to any one in conversation, as the current of talk may suddenly take such a turn as to leave it high and dry on the shore.

MANAGER.—You are in danger of making a fatal mistake. A young man who resorts to trickery, for success in business, is certain to come to grief at last. There is nothing so good as truthfulness and honesty in any walk or business of life. You should at once quit your "smartness," as you call it, and strike into a square, honest gait, and *adhere to it*. By so doing, you will gain not only the confidence of your neighbors, but, what is far better, the approval of your own conscience and of heaven.

SAVOY.—It was proper for the clergyman who officiated at the funeral to decline to give a notice of the lecture that was to take place in the evening; and it was exceedingly indelicate, intrusive and improper for the lecturer to arise while the mourners were gathered around their dead and give the notice himself. A man of such vulgar indiscretion would not be apt to aid any cause in whose advocacy he should chance to be engaged.

TORMENTED.—It is inexcusably wrong for your brother to torment you and his young sisters as you accuse him of doing. Such a malicious and heartless cub should be thrashed into at least a semblance of decency. You are foolish to allow his threats of vengeance to deter you from telling your father of his cruelties. You should make a plain statement of the case at once, and let your father put an end to your tormenter's pranks.

HEMPSTEAD.—Your story is too disconnected to enable us to give you advice. Besides, an opinion on the matter would involve several legal questions, among which would be the validity and construction of your uncle's will, the marriage of your mother, and the kinship to your uncle of those who are contending for his property. Go to some lawyer with your story.

BELLES-LETTRES.—The rule has generally been in former times to say the Misses Smith, the Misses Jenkins, &c., but of late years the custom of saying the Miss Smiths, the Miss Jenkinses, &c., has become so prevalent as to render it permissible, so that one can take his choice of the phrases.

DOROTHY.—Any girl who hungers and thirsts after knowledge, as you seem to do, can hardly fail to find means to acquire it. By stating your case and your wishes to the principal of some seminary you could probably get an opportunity to attend the school and pay for your tuition by work.

A BUSINESS MAN.—Your policy is right, inasmuch as your business is legitimate. We once heard a clergyman say that he liked the man who hitched his self-interest to the public good and compelled it to draw it. Such men ought to be rewarded.

BOSPHORUS.—There may be "chances in Turkey for energetic young Americans," but we think it would be a foolish piece of business for any one to go there to hunt them up. Better stay at home, and take your chance where you are known.

GABLE.—If you think the contractors put too high a figure on the contemplated work, you should get estimates from others. It is strange that a man of business should not be able to manage so simple an affair as that.

PERSEVERE.—Your restlessness, dissatisfaction with the world, and supposed willingness to die at any time, all come from a spirit of selfishness. You seem to think that your "aversion to the common walks of life," your desire to become distinguished, to make money, and to travel and see the world, are peculiar to yourself, and that other people never experience such longings. You say that you are now "a girl of twenty years," and yet have never been satisfied with your lot. All these things show that you are selfish and long for things which you are unwilling to go to work and fairly earn. Every girl who is poor, and every poor young man also, has longings for a better lot in life, for distinction, for travel, and for wealth; and some of them go to work and earn money and acquire fame, and others mope around and grumble because they cannot enjoy the fruits of labor which they are unwilling to perform. The best thing for you to do is to go to work with all your might at whatever you can get to do, and employ your leisure hours in solid study. By pursuing such a course you will develop whatever talents you have, and acquire the means to live independently, and it may be that in time you will be able to indulge your desire for foreign travel, and also your other ambitious wishes.

SHELBY COUNTY, MO.—"Will you please answer the following question: I am a poor girl, and make my living by teaching school. My father has a large family, of which I am the eldest; and I have lost my right hand. Father has given me a very good common education; but my salary is barely sufficient to clothe me decently, and if I had a thorough education I might obtain a more remunerative situation in some public school in a city. I think I could graduate in ten or fifteen months, if I had the money to defray my expenses. Is there no school where a girl may go and pay for her tuition afterwards? I am trying to study at nights and at vacations, but I do not get along fast enough. Please advise me." There are, undoubtedly, many schools where a girl of your excellent character could go for a year or so, and pay for her tuition out of her future earnings. You should apply to any school within your knowledge, and see what the result would be. But, after all, the best way would be to earn your education as you go along, and keep out of debt.

BANKRUPT.—This correspondent says he is a young man of twenty-five, and that until recently he was worth a few thousand dollars; but that having gone into a speculation, he has lost every dollar he had. He is in love with a poor girl, but he is too poor to marry her, and his salary is small. "At the same time," he says, "I can marry a rich girl who loves me, but whom I do not love. All my friends advise me to marry her, but I want your advice before I do anything." In the first place, a man who would talk over such delicate and almost sacred affairs with "all his friends" must be a person of coarse nature whom it would be a misfortune for any woman of delicacy and refinement to marry. Our advice to you is to go to work and earn and save all the money you can, repent of your indecent canvassing of the comparative advantages of the "two girls" and strive to acquire sufficient delicacy and refinement of nature to make you a fit companion for whatever woman may chance to become your wife.

ROCHESTER.—It seems that Cupid is making mischief in Monroe county, "about these days," as the almanacs say. Our correspondent, who says he is worth over forty thousand dollars, clear of all liabilities, has been unspeakably astounded by a Monroe-county girl's rejection of him for, as he puts it, "a fellow who isn't worth a thousand dollars in the world, and whose only claim for popularity rests on his fine tenor voice." Only think of it, a fine tenor voice wins the day and the girl against forty thousand dollars clear of all liabilities except the liability to be taken in and done for. Our correspondent says, "I have written proofs of the girl's promise to marry me, and I want to know if they would make it a sure thing for me to sue her for breach-of-promise." A forty-thousand-dollar man would be unwise to sue a penniless woman for anything, and especially for breach-of-promise.

PUEBLA.—It is useless to attempt to "settle" the rightfulness or wrongfulness of the execution of Maximillian by the Mexicans. There will always be different opinions on the subject. Those who think that "royal folk" have predominant rights over the rest of mankind, and also the sentimentalists, will of course condemn the execution of the princely filibuster; while the sturdy democrats and republicans who believe that one decent man is as good as another, and that one usurper is as bad as another, will rejoice in the thorough vindication of the rights of the people which was sealed with Maximillian's blood.

PORTLAND, KY.—Instead of "running off" with the girl, and marrying her against the consent of her parents, you should wait patiently until you can get their consent, or until she becomes of age and free to choose and act for himself. It is always well to keep the Golden Rule in mind, and to act upon it, in love affairs as well as in other matters. If you had a daughter of marriageable age, how would you like to have a young man behave towards her and you? Just think that question over, and you will probably have no difficulty in coming to a right conclusion.

R. W.—Patrick Henry was never "branded as a traitor by the American people." On the contrary, he has always been looked upon as one of our most shining and conspicuous patriots. No doubt he was bitterly assailed by his political opponents, and many party editors probably "held him up to the scorn and indignation of an outraged community," as they did Adams, Jefferson, and even Washington; but the "*American people*" have always admired and revered him as one of the truest and most gifted champions of civil liberty which the country has produced.

T. G.—You and your companion were too sensitive. When gentlemen call on ladies, the latter are not thereby put under bonds, or restraint, or surveillance, and compelled to do or not to do certain specific things, as though they were prisoners. Perfect freedom of thought, speech and action, within the bounds of courtesy, is to be allowed at all social meetings. A man who is so self-conscious as to imagine that *he* is constantly in the thoughts of others, and that whatever they do or do not do, they always mean *him*, is unfit to go in society at all.

ONEIDA.—It is not proper, but vulgar and outrageous, for young men to follow girls about who are out walking, and annoy them by keeping in close proximity to them. The "fashionable young gent," to whom you refer, and who says that "all the young bloods in New York do such things," is an imposter, who is playing himself off on your rural friends. The chances are that he is a metropolitan rogue, who is out on some "lay" in the country. Look out for your silver spoons and other valuables of easy transportation.

A. S., Alabama.—The questions raised by the purchase of property (before the close of the war) in the South for Confederate scrip, and the claims now made that payment in that scrip was no payment at all, are too grave for decision in a newspaper paragraph. It will tax the legal ability of the Supreme Court of the United States to give a full and final settlement of all those questions, and the sooner that tribunal gets to work on them the better.

BOSTON.—If a boy or girl of sixteen were fool enough to get married, and could find any one to perform the ceremony, the marriage would be legal. Girls have been married at fourteen, and even thirteen, and the marriage upheld in law; but it is a most outrageous piece of business for a man to inveigle children of that age into marriage.

PESCARA.—McDonald Clarke, sometimes called the mad poet, who was well known in this city several years ago, is the reputed author of the lines:

"Night drew her sable curtain round
And pinned it with a star."

MILWAUKEE.—Smoking hurts some people, and others it does good. Every one must settle the question of its benefitting or injuring him for himself. "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," you know.

****Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

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